

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXIV.

JANUARY, 1926

NO. 1

A Highway Memorial

"The last shall be first"

Across the Sovereign States a Highway long
Doth weave a patriot path from sea to sea,
That all may bear, with joyous melody,
The message that the right o'ercometh wrong.
Adown the patient years the glorious song
The Daughters sing of gracious Liberty,
Whose sires and dames fain sought their Land to
free,
Around the Banner of the Chieftain strong!

That Chieftain's way was strewn with rock and
thorn;

An outcast was he, hurled by cruel hate
From leadership and from his righteous throne!
But, year by year, despite relentless scorn,
The Shaft memorial and the Highway straight
Attest his worth—he cometh to his own!

—A. W. Littlefield.

Middlesborough, Mass.



TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Books on Confederate history are becoming more and more scarce, most of the standard works being long out of print and seldom procurable. The following represent some late collections from different sources, and orders should be sent promptly, as only the single volume or set is available, with a few exceptions.

Confederate Military History. 12 volumes. Cloth.....	\$25 00
Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by James D. Richardson.....	7 50
The War between the States. By Alexander Stephens.....	10 00
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis.....	8 00
Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. By Craven.....	3 50
Confederate and Southern States Currency. By Bradbeer.....	3 50
Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. William Jones.....	3 50
Destruction and Reconstruction. By Gen. Richard Taylor.....	4 50
Life of Stonewall Jackson. By John Esten Cooke.....	5 00
Three Books on the Confederate Navy:	
Recollections of a Naval Officer. By H. A. Parker.....	3 00
Recollections of a Naval Life. By John McIntosh Kell.....	4 00
History of the Confederate Navy. By J. T. Scharf.....	4 00
A few copies left of:	
Mosby's Rangers. By J. T. Williamson.....	4 00
History of the Orphan Brigade. By Col. E. Porter Thompson.....	5 00

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Mrs. A. B. Crenshaw, 118 West Deaderick Avenue, Jackson, Tenn., asks for information on the war record of

Henry Cornelius Stone, who, she has been told, enlisted at Trezevant, Tenn. Any information will be appreciated.

WANTED.—Information and Confederate war record of one Thomas Merryman, born about 1820 or 1830 in Prince Edward County, Va., son of Ralph Merryman and Martha Richardson, who left Virginia before or after the War between the States. Also, information concerning one Thomas Merryman who was born in Cumberland County, Va., and lived in Prince Edward County from 1805 to 1816, when he left for the South. It is possible this Thomas also had a son serving in the war. This information is desired by one interested in compiling data of Merryman family.—Mrs. John Ayres Merryman, 1003 Rivermont Avenue, Lynchburg, Va.

Mrs. V. P. Dorec, 703 Sixth Avenue North, Lewistown, Mont., is trying to learn something of the service rendered by her father, John A. Shelton, of Alabama, to the Confederate cause. On account of weak lungs, he was not accepted as a soldier, so he formed his own company, of which he was captain, and it is thought that they were sent to Fort Sumter, from where he was invalided home. At the time of the war he was living at Bellefonte, Jackson County, Ala. She will appreciate hearing from any member of his company or others who can give some information of it. She thinks Hal C. Bradford was a lieutenant in the company.

D. C. (Dan) Dyer, of Mineral Wells, Tex., Route 2, Box 32, would like to hear from some of the old comrades who served with him in the latter part of the war. He belonged to Slemmons's Brigade, and enlisted at Eldorado Springs, Union County, Ark., in September, 1864; was assigned to a company of scouts under Capt. A. B. Tibbetts, with whom he served until about February, 1865, and then was with Marcus Bozine (Bausine) to the end of the war, surrendering at Pine Bluff about the last of May, 1865. He wishes to apply for a pension and needs the testimony of some comrade about his service.

H. L. Isley, of Burlington, N. C., is anxious to learn something of the Confederate service of his grandfather, Martin Van Clayton, who joined the Confederate army on March 11, 1862, as a member of Company E, 35th — Regiment. He wants to know where his grandfather joined the army, where he died, and at what place he is buried.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.



Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

VOL. XXXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1926.

No. 1. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

Assistant to the Adjutant General

GEN. H. M. WHARTON, Baltimore, Md.....Chaplain General

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

GEN. E. D. TAYLOR, Richmond, Va.....*Army of Northern Virginia*
GEN. HAL T. WALKER, Montgomery, Ala.....*Army of Tennessee*
GEN. R. A. SNEED, Oklahoma City, Okla.....*Trans-Mississippi*

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ALABAMA—Jasper.....	Gen. T. P. Lampkin
ARKANSAS—Little Rock.....	Gen. M. D. Vance
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....	Gen. L. W. Jackson
GEORGIA—Savannah.....	Gen. D. B. Morgan
KENTUCKY—Frankfort.....	Gen. J. T. George
LOUISIANA—Shreveport.....	Gen. H. C. Rogers
MISSISSIPPI—Magnolia.....	Gen. W. M. Wroten
MISSOURI—Kansas City.....	Gen. A. A. Pearson
NORTH CAROLINA—Ansonville.....	Gen. W. A. Smith
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....	Gen. J. A. Yeager
SOUTH CAROLINA—Columbia.....	Gen. D. W. McLaurin
TENNESSEE—Nashville.....	Gen. John P. Hickman
TEXAS—Houston.....	Gen. J. C. Foster
VIRGINIA—Petersburg.....	Gen. Homer Atkinson
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg.....	Gen. Thomas H. Dennis
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles.....	Gen. William C. Harrison

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. C. I. WALKER—Charleston, S. C.....*Honorary Commander for Life.*
GEN. CALVIN B. VANCE—Batesville, Miss.....*Honorary Commander for Life.*
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS—Dublin, Ga.....*Honorary Commander for Life.*
REV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va.....*Honorary Chaplain General for Life.*

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL, U. C. V.

CAMPS BEING REVIVED.

The following letter from Gen. J. Lane Stern, of Richmond, Va., Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, A. N. V. Department, shows encouraging activity in reviving Camps of the organization. He writes:

“From far off Seattle, in the State of Washington, a letter has been received from Mrs. Harry A. Calohan, Past President of Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 885 U. D. C., stating that, having seen in the November VETERAN the letter in regard to having the assistance of the Daughters in the effort to reorganize the inactive Camps, our comrades and the Daughters in Seattle have backed up the movement in J. B. Gordon Camp, No. 1456 U. C. V., and that they will live up to the motto: ‘*No camp should disband as long as it has two living members.*’ I am sure it will be gratifying to the VETERAN to know that its publication of the reorganization letter is bringing forth good fruit.

"In Virginia we have already reorganized several Camps and believe there will be many more to report at the Birmingham reunion.

"Many thanks to the VETERAN for its assistance."

REORGANIZING CAMPS.

BY J. R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

Our experience in Hampton doubtless will be serviceable in helping the United Daughters of the Confederacy to reorganize Camps of United Confederate Veterans.

In 1900, R. E. Lee Camp No. 485 U. C. V., with over forty members, had become inactive in the Grand Camp (State Division), behind in dues, and seldom met. A meeting was called and an election held. The sheriff of the county was elected Commander, and a Treasurer and Adjutant and several other officers were also elected.

The camp met at the sheriff's office as long as he lived, whenever necessary. Collecting dues from members was discontinued. By consent of the Grand Camp, a part payment of back dues placed the Camp in good standing. The Adjutant makes it a rule, early in the year, to pay promptly the dues both to State C. V. and Grand Camp, U. C. V. At first he collected from a few of the members the amount necessary for this and other purposes.

Our numbers having now been reduced by death to about twelve, we are really under the care of the U. D. C. Chapters. They keep our treasury supplied with a modest sum of money sufficient for our needs, and on General Lee's birthday, the 19th of January, give us a dinner or banquet, usually about one P.M., so that all may get home safely before dark. All veterans and their widows are invited. A program is arranged, very informal, music and an address by some local speaker, or recitation, according to circumstances, and the veterans are encouraged to talk of their experiences.

The Daughters and Sons take full charge of Memorial Day, secure a speaker, and decorate the graves. The exercises are usually held in the cemetery, and the veterans are seated on the platform with the speakers.

I wish to stress the banquet on Lee's birthday, and I would suggest that our Grand Commander write to the President General, U. D. C., and suggest to her that she request the various Chapters to celebrate January 19, 1926, by giving a banquet to the Confederate veterans in their community, and, where they are not organized, to organize a Camp. If the right men are chosen for Commander and Adjutant, the camp will be kept up.

The dinner is a big help. Men's clubs are kept alive now and made interesting by this means. After many vain efforts to organize and keep alive a men's club in a Church here, the ladies suggested a supper at each monthly meeting. The idea was adopted and the supper was furnished by the ladies at cost, and the club flourishes.

DIXIE.

BY T. B. SUMMERS, MILTON, VA.

Will Dixie ever grow old
 'Mid soil of the Sunny South?
 Will the ages prove as bold
 In front of the cannon's mouth?
 Will the heroes be as brave
 As the ones that bore the Bars—
 Nor fear, tho' a yawning grave
 Seem as beckoning from the stars?

Can a spirit e'er forget
 The day of the noble slain?
 Will our pride no longer fret
 To bestir a sordid brain?
 Will a mother rear her child
 To be a cowardly knave,
 When no grander crown is won
 Than this crown—"A Hero's Grave?"

The sun will in glory shine
 O'er scenes that are brave and true;
 And forever down the line
 Stand, alert, as brave a crew
 As e'er trod the battle field
 Or smote on the ocean's foam;
 And doomed is the word, "We Yield,"
 For the Southland is our home.

So Dixie will never grow old,
 Nor fame of her heroes brave;
 No heart can ever grow cold
 In a land where constaat wave
 The air of immortal pride
 For the right to do or die!
 And forever, side by side,
 We will every wrong defy.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

EXPLODING THE MYTH.

One of the leading periodicals of the country has recently been carrying an advertisement which featured that old myth of Barbara Freitchie waving the Stars and Stripes in the face of Stonewall Jackson's troops passing through Frederick, Md., and believing this to be an opportunity to make correction of an untruth which was perhaps being unwittingly exploited, the editor of the *VETERAN* wrote to the advertisers setting forth the facts in the case and stating that they could hardly hope to make a good impression in the South by this use of a slander against the great Confederate leader. A courteous response came from the company, from which the following is taken:

"We are indeed appreciative of the constructive criticism contained in your letter. Thank you. I believe that when the subject of the Barbara Freitchie illustration was originally presented to us by our advertising agents, the right amount of thought and consideration was not given the matter of its selection. I believe that we erred in this matter, not realizing that this incident was entirely a myth. We sincerely regret its publication, because certainly there is no disposition on the part of anyone in the — institution to base anything in their advertising on an untruth."

By continually hammering on such untruths as this Barbara Freitchie adulation, we may hope to overcome them in large part. But such things are hydra-headed, and when downed at one place, spring up somewhere else. Eternal vigilance is needed to exterminate them utterly. With poems, books, picture shows, etc., continually reviving such myths, we need to be ever ready to combat them—and so we will!

PENSION DEMANDS.

Pensions and more pensions continues to be the demand on the Washington government by veterans of the various wars in which these United States have engaged, with a preponderance of sentiment in favor of those who "helped to save the Union." The *National Tribune*, mouthpiece of the latter, backs all demands for such pension increases and devotes its editorial page to showing why such demands should be met instant—yet goes on to show what a lavish outlay is already being made in their behalf, quoting from President Coolidge's veto message of 1924 that "every survivor of the Civil War draws fifty dollars per month, while those in need of regular aid and attendance, which already includes 41,000 of them, draw seventy-two dollars per month."

Taking the *Tribune's* figures, the amount now being paid monthly to veterans of the sixties is \$7,231,898.07, with an additional \$7,234,191.99 for their widows. The increase asked for would mean an additional \$5,800,000 each month. There are now more than 500,000 pensioners of all classes drawing their subsistence from the government.

Bills for pension increases were vetoed by President Harding in 1922 and by President Coolidge in 1924, and we shall hope for equal firmness on his part in treating such demands which may, and doubtless will, come up in 1926.

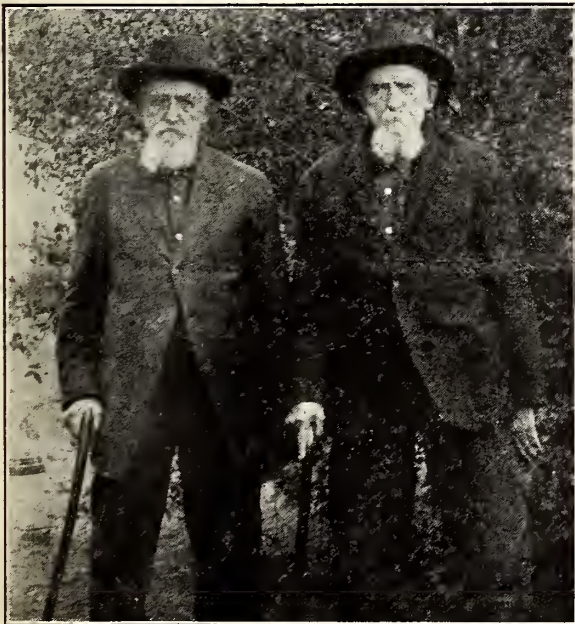
MOSBY'S MEN.

So suddenly did Mosby appear in the open, so quickly did he vanish in the nearest forest that he was often spoken of by the foe as "the Flying Dutchman of the Wood" and his followers as "Children of the Mist."—*Philip A. Bruce, in "Brave Deeds of Confederate Soldiers."*

Into the mist of the years they go riding,
Saddled and spurred and de'il-may-care gay;
Over the hill tops and in through the forest
Still I can see them fast dashing away.
On, on they sweep toward the land of the sunset,
Their pistols in holster, their swords burnished bright;
Hope stamped on their brow and smiles on their faces—
I love their proud forms in the gray of my night.

Some few are left in the fields of earth's glory,
The glory of Mosby, of Stuart, of Lee;
The glory of Dixie they nobly defended,
The glory reflected on you and on me.
Thus shall they ride down the years of our Southland,
The land that enfolds them and that gave them birth;
Through her tears her smiles forever salute them—
The knightliest knights upon this old earth.

[By Frances H. Robertson, one who knew many of them in their youth and thrilled at the brave deeds of Mosby and his men.]



CONFEDERATE TWINS.

Isaac H. and Thomas O. Frazier, born April 17, 1842, enlisted in Captain Flesher's company, which was a part of Edgar's Battalion, C. S. A. They served through the war, taking part in the battles of New Market and Cold Harbor among others.

Isaac H. Frazier lives in Missouri, while Thomas O. Frazier lives at Neposet, W. Va. Their Frazier ancestors were originally from Pennsylvania, having come over with William Penn.

ANDREW JACKSON.—Abhorrence of debt, public and private, dislike of banks, and love of hard money, love of justice and love of country were ruling passions with Jackson; and of these he gave constant evidence in all the situations of his life.—*Thomas Hart Benton.*

A PRECIOUS HERITAGE.

Once again I crouched tense in my seat as the panorama of the sixties was unrolled upon the screen. I saw the sweet land of long ago, the Dixieland of our fathers, drowsing in the soft sunshine of peace. I witnessed the swift change from smiling peace to grim, relentless, destroying war. I saw the sons of the South go forth to battle against the sons of the North, flesh and blood arrayed against the blood and the flesh of kinsmen dear. Through blinding tears, I saw that lad in blue pause with uplifted bayonet above the prone form of his cousin, the stripling in gray, and then the anguish of youth was changed to the agony of man, as the stricken "Yank" fell to his knees beside the dead "Reb," his cousin, and how happy to see the look of utter peace slowly steal over the pain-wracked face as the Johnny Yank pressed his lips to the Johnny Reb in that embrace of death.

I watched the "Little Colonel" lead that forlorn hope, that last charge of a handful of ragged, starving, powder-grimed men in gray against that other line of desperate, bleeding war-crazed men in grimy blue. War! War! and its awful cost!

Unashamed for the scalding tears, I wept for the agony of Dixieland in those days that came after peace had silenced the guns of war. Poor, helpless, defenseless Southland! Was this peace to accomplish the things that four years of blood and tears and death had failed to bring. How would they meet these foes who fought not with bayonet and with gun, but whose weapons were dastard treachery, secret betrayal, outlawed cruelty? Could they meet this new menace, those boys in tattered gray?

How well they did face this new enemy the world now knows. The agony, the utter agony of those days is not within the understanding of those of us who were not there with the gallant soldiers of peace during all those trying months. But, while it is all past and done with now, is it not well to think upon the heroism of those of our people who saved the South from a worse fate than any that red war could have devised?

"The Birth of a Nation" opened our eyes to the grim realities of the thing called war. And among its lessons so forcibly taught, is the story of the heroism, the devotion, the unstudied sacrifice of Americans when their precious liberty is violated.

North and South, blue and gray—no more do those terms stand for the things they once defined, back in those dark days of the sixties. But we, the descendants of those heroes of long ago, can but pause to pay homage due to those old boys in gray, whose mighty armies once shook the world with their victorious tread, in those dark days when it seemed a nation must be sacrificed upon the red altars of war.

Sweet be their rest, beneath the shade of the trees, in God's fair heaven, their eternal bivouac ground.—*Millard Crowder, in Nashville Tennessean.*

A CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL.—Mrs. T. L. Hurlbutt, of Point Clear, Ala., will appreciate hearing from anyone who can give some information of the hospital at that place during the war. She writes, acting as a committee appointed by the Eastern Shore Memorial Association: "The old hotel at Point Clear, Ala., was used as a Confederate hospital base during the War between the States. A hundred or more Confederate soldiers and some Federal who died there are buried in Point Clear. We have inclosed this hallowed area, and we are eager to secure the names of those buried there. Please secure for us any information possible, together with traditions or legends."

A PRECIOUS RELIC.

BY MRS. SUSAN LELAND BAKER, RANDOLPH, VA.

It was my privilege last summer to visit the Confederate Relic Room in South Carolina's State House, Columbia, and I was attracted by a case of flags near the center of the room, colorful and forceful even in their tattered sublimity.

A dark blue flag, hanging in shreds, labeled in handsome gold letters, "Peedee Light Artillery," caught and held my attention. Two of the letters were missing. I asked Mrs. Girardeau the story of the "unsundered flag," and together we read how, after Johnston's surrender in North Carolina, the color bearer, R. Clark Nettles, took it from the staff, wrapped it around his person under his clothing, and restored it to Miss Lou McIntosh, of Society Hill, S. C.

Seeing that the two missing letters were "PE," my mind instantly reverted to a small remnant of dark blue silk stamped with two gold letters "P E" in my father's home, near Charleston, S. C. Memory got busy, and I fitted our cherished fragment of silk into the torn space of the "unsundered flag" in the Relic Room.

My brother, Hibben Leland, marched under that flag one year as a private in the Confederate war. He went to Virginia the 4th of March, 1864, and joined the Peedee Light Artillery, with comrades from his native State. They were in all the hard service of Pegram's Battery—Spotsylvania, Hanover Courthouse, then, after Second Cold Harbor, they were returned to James Island, not men enough left to work the guns. They were under fire for months at James Island, and later were moved to Pocotaligo and River's Bridges, where the young soldier was struck in the ankle by a piece of shell. Finally the order came for the long, hard march to Cheraw, before the advancing Sherman, and, after the fierce fight at Bentonville, the end came with Johnston's surrender.

The company determined that their flag should never be given up, rather they would tear it in pieces and distribute it among the men. Private Leland was given a small patch with the two gold letters "P" and "E," and he did not know until years later, at a reunion of the company, that it was decided to save the banner and restore it to one of the givers.

And so the South Carolina band of heroes, overcome but not conquered, turned their faces homeward. Hungry and ragged, footsore and weary, they plodded on. Good ladies along the way put shoes on the feet of the boy soldier, fed and clothed him. The blue remnant was in his little old black Testament over his heart.

So he came to his mother! The rejoicings over the returned soldiers were quiet, and the blue treasure was displayed with the words: "Mother, I fought under this flag one whole year. Take care of it for me." The ragged scrap was framed and honored by all in the home.

Before his death, in 1916, Private Leland heard how the flag was saved. I fitted the blue patch to its place in the tattered flag, in the Relic Room, Columbia, and maybe the two portions will be joined for him in the Upper Relic Room of the Heavenly Shrine and God's dealings with all made plain.

Mrs. M. H. Clarke, 203 West Main Street, Marianna, Ark., writes that the D. C. Govan Chapter, of Marianna, is putting a fine picture of General Govan in the high school there, which she thinks will be of interest to any survivors of his command. His home was in Marianna, Lee County. The President of the Chapter there is Mrs. R. L. Mixon.

CAPTURED SOME YANKEES.

Rev. P. T. Martin, of Franklin, Tenn, now Honorary Chaplain for Life of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., tells of a little exploit just after the battle of Nashville:

"I am the fifteenth child of my family, in which there were twenty-two children, eleven boys and eleven girls. Six of us boys were in the Confederate army; one brother was killed in the battle of Drewry's Bluff, Va., and two others sickened and died in the army. I am the only one left of the twenty-two children, and I shall be eighty-six years old in May.

"During my service with the 17th Tennessee Regiment, I had an experience which may be of interest to VETERAN readers. After Hood's retreat from Tennessee, a part of my command stopped at Farmville, Tenn., and while there Major Dudley called me to his headquarters one morning and directed me to select three men and go back to the rear of the army and find out what the Yankees were doing. I selected W. D. Shelton, James Cook, and Pet Billington, of my company and the next morning we mounted our horses to explore the region north of Farmington. Shelton and Cook decided to spend the night at Verona, but Billington and I moved on toward Duck River. When we reached David Hill's place, I saw him at the barn, and told Billington to wait for me in the road till I had a talk with Mr. Hill. In response to my inquiry for news of the Yankees, Mr. Hill stated that there were four then in his house, that they were armed, and he would advise me to ride out quietly and pass on. I thought his advice good; so we rode down to the river, which we found too swollen to ford, and we put up with a Mr. Lamb for the night. At one o'clock I awoke and said to Billington that as we were out for a fight, I had just as soon fight right there, and we would go back to Mr. Hill's and capture those Yankees. He said they had all the advantage of us, being in the house and well armed, but I told him we would get Shelton and Cook and would then be equal to them in number. We succeeded in getting Shelton to come back with us, and when we got to Mr. Hill's we found Mrs. Hill was up. I asked her where the Yankees were, and she pointed out their room. I told Shelton and Billington to go to the back of the house and I would engage them in front, which I did by knocking on the door and, when it was opened, ordering them to surrender. This they did before Billington and Shelton got into the house. They had eight pistols and four guns, and I had only one pistol and one gun. We took them back to headquarters and turned them over as prisoners.

"My last fight was in Alabama, and when starting into this fight one of my comrades riding beside me accidentally discharged his gun, the load passing through my horse and striking my leg on the other side, but did not do me much damage. My horse was killed, but I captured another during the fight. The next thing we did was to surrender to General Canby at Gainesville, Ala., with sad and heavy hearts. This was the 11th of May, 1865, and I reached my home on the 16th of May, my twenty-fifth anniversary. I was born into Christ on the 16th of May, 1856, making sixty-nine years that I have been in the service of God. The first night I spent in Camp Chase prison I organized family prayers and kept it up as long as I remained in prison. In Captain Cook's diary of his service with the 20th Tennessee Regiment he spoke of the prayer meeting and the one who organized it."

JOHN C. CALHOUN.—He had no secrets to hide. No vice, no folly, and no weakness ever left a stain upon his nature. His soul was the home of all that makes for purity and truth.
—Henry Alexander White.

MONTICELLO.

BY B. L. AYCOCK, KOUNTZE, TEX.

It was June of 1862, and on the eleventh orders came to get out of the Chickahominy Swamp to move on to Richmond to take the cars (box cars)—entrained for where? It was General Lee's first strategic movement. General Johnston had been disabled at Seven Pines (Fair Oaks, as this battle was called by the Yankees). This was the first station on the York River Railroad out of Richmond. All aboard and headed, as it looked to a private soldier, for Lynchburg, thence to Charlottesville, where we spent a Sunday and went to church; seats occupied by women and children, men conspicuous by their absence. What the preacher's text was I can't recall, but he dwelt upon the sore treatment of Christ the Lord.

Monday or Tuesday orders came to move five miles to the Fluvanna River, which we crossed on a bridge, entering a long lane, a gentle slope from Monticello to the little stream, the boundary of the farm once the pride of the famous statesman, Thomas Jefferson. At the top, the front gate of the grounds seemed to irresistibly invite, "Come in," so some of us went in without "unlatching" our shoes and stood on the front porch of Monticello. Did we stand on sacred portals? The name translated is "Honey Mount." We did not see the bees at work at the rear of the house, which reminds that the statesman could handle them without being stung; bees know their friends. Thomas Jefferson evidently found the name *Monticello*. What glorious memories cluster around it, and there his thoughts crystalized into the immortal Declaration of Independence. Democracy—or, "we the people, by the people, and for the people." Rule free from the domination of foreign potentates, rulers, and princes.

On from here we went a few hour's march to the Rock Bridge, on and on a leisurely march till we, as Lee's dependables, were marching facing Richmond from Gordonsville. On this stretch another Sunday. Stonewall had joined us, and he held services in his tent. Ah, this was company indeed!

A few more days and the guns of A. P. Hill were the signal. He had struck at Mechanicsville, where the Seven Days' Battles began; and he put Fitzjohn Porter to his wit's end and "Little Mack" lifted the siege of the Confederate capital. But O! that day, the 27th of June, the attack at Gaines's Mill, the bloody struggle it was! Fourteen Federal guns were the trophy of Hood's Texas Brigade. Night gave Porter its cover to get away. The siege of Richmond was raised.

LYON'S BRIGADE AT BRICE'S CROSSROADS.

The following comes from D. B. Castleberry, of Booneville, Ark.: "I have read with a great deal of pleasure the articles on the battle of Brice's Crossroads, and now want to tell a few things that Lyon's Brigade of Kentuckians did in that battle.

"Lyon's Brigade was composed of four Kentucky regiments—the 3rd, 7th, 8th, and 12th, commanded, respectively, by Colonel Holt, of Murray, Ky.; Colonel Crossland, of Clinton; Colonel Shacklett, of Eddyville, or Princeton; and Major Tate, I believe, of McLemoresville, Tenn., this regiment (the 12th) being composed of boys from both Tennessee and Kentucky and commanded by Colonel Faulkner until he was killed at Dresden, Tenn., and by Bill McDougal just after the Paducah and Fort Pillow fights.

"Lyon's Brigade went from Tupelo, Miss., on the 9th of June, 1864, to Baldwyn, and camped there until the morning of the 10th, which place we left about eight o'clock, going due

west on the road to Brice's Crossroads, and at about ten o'clock the guns were firing in front of us. We were dismounted, leaving our horses with No. 4, and started at a double-quick, and just about that time one of our ambulances came up from the front with several wounded in it. Their groans and the sight of blood attracted our attention, and some one asked who was in there, when we learned that it was our adjutant, Sam Cushingberry, who was badly wounded; he lived in Paducah. I never saw or heard of him afterwards.

"We rushed on in sight of Brice's house, which was on the right of the road going west, and on the south side, and, as I now remember, almost opposite his house the Yankees had their batteries in full play on us. We charged and captured them and then they started on the run. There was hard fighting south and southwest of us, but I didn't know who it was. Bell's Brigade of Tennessee was in all the fight, also Rucker's and Chalmers's; I think the latter commanded a brigade. It was some of those fellows who charged that battery from the south at the time we charged from the east; at any events, the Yanks couldn't stand us, and I couldn't blame them, from the fact that the sight of those negroes we had to meet so enraged us that nothing could stop us. They ran into Tishomingo Creek and off of the little bridge, and live and dead mules were all in there mixed up with live and dead men in the mud and water. I don't know what became of them, as we were in full pursuit and fighting all along the road they had traveled. We followed them to Salem, and were directed by General Forrest to report at Guntown, and I think it took us two days to get back.

"Baldwyn is seven miles east of Brice's Crossroads, and Tishomingo Creek about a mile west of the Crossroads. Only a part of their wagon train crossed Tishomingo, and all the ammunition wagons possible were set afire that night, and when they began exploding we had to ride through the woods for safety.

"I was a member of Company G, 3rd Kentucky. I can recall only four men now living who were in that fight—Lieut. Harrison Hall, Lum Green, and Griffin Woods, of Benton, Ky., and Jim Troutt, of Jackson, Tenn., all of the same company.

OLD CITIES.—The following from Rhea Kuykendall, of Weatherford, Tex., shows an appreciation of the Old South by one of the younger generation. He writes: "The article about Charleston in the December VETERAN was very interesting. As I was walking to work this morning with a friend, a Tennessean, whose brothers were Confederate soldiers, our conversation turned to the refinement of the old Southern communities. We compared notes on Tennessee, and I told him of Charleston, I even mentioned the statue of William Pitt, which had one of its arms knocked off by a British cannon ball, and lo and behold! when I got home at noon, there was the VETERAN actually carrying the picture of Pitt's statue. The little glimpse of the park surrounding the statue was absorbing. It is replete with such fond memories for me that I suggest you have Mr. Wilkins explain the salient points in the picture. The tomb shown in the rear of the picture, to the left is that of a famous Confederate general of the Confederacy, while I believe the statue in the center is to Confederate soldiers. At least, an explanation of the Confederate points of interest in the picture would be interesting."

TREE CUT DOWN BY BULLETS.

BY CAPT. CADWALLADER JONES, GREENSBORO, ALA.

Early in the morning of the 12th of May, 1864, General Lee came in person and took McGowan's Brigade out of the works near the Courthouse and put us in line to retake our works at the Bloody Angle. We followed Harris's Mississippi Brigade, overlapping them on their right. We took the works in front of us extending far up as the big tree that was shot down by Minie balls; beyond that up to the angle the works were never retaken, the Yankees holding that line for about two hundred yards. My company was on the right of the regiment, so we extended just to the tree, where the two lines overlapped, we holding one side of the works, and the Yankees holding the other side. For only a short distance, I suppose about ten yards, there was nothing between us except the works, and that is the point where the big tree was, and where I was all day.

I was all day long within only a few feet of that tree, and the nearest man to it. I looked at the bullets hitting it. The fire was so constant right there it was almost certain death to try to shoot, so we got down to where we merely held the works and did not try to shoot. Our dead were so thick on the ground at this point that in some places the men had to sit on dead bodies. They could not stand up, because it would be certain death to do so. Occasionally a man would pop up, shoot quick, and drop back; and when a man was shot he was generally killed, for he was hit in the head or neck, so he would fall in his tracks and die there. None were carried off, not even the wounded. The Yankees had an enfilading fire to the rear from the Angle in the works. Where we were, we had traverses that protected us from this fire.

A strange thing happened at this part of the line right where the tree was. Sometime in the evening all at once both lines stopped firing, when a Federal officer jumped up on the works, and, with a sword in his hands, he called out that we had surrendered by order of a Mississippi colonel, giving no name. He walked backwards and forwards, for it seemed about a minute or more, on top of the works, then all was excitement and commotion and a confusion of voices. You can't imagine what a hubbub it was. I was right by the side of Col. Clyburn, of Lancaster, who was in command of the regiment. I was commanding my company. Colonel Clyburn was holloaing, "Shoot, men, shoot!" and I was holloaing, "Don't shoot! don't shoot!" We thought they had surrendered; they thought we had surrendered. It was such a hot place, both sides were about ready to quit. The works were so constructed here that our line did not cover a ravine in front of us, not more than a hundred yards, which the Yankees held, so we could not see them except when they would rise up to fire, and they could not see us because we were protected by our works. In the confusion some men were holloaing to shoot, some not to shoot, and some to come over. The Yankees were calling all along the line, but I could not hear all they said. They had the butts of their guns turned toward us and were calling: "Come over! Come over!" They stood about ten deep in this ravine, and we were nearly as thick behind our works. They were in full view of us and right where I was at the tree, I don't think they were over one hundred yards distant. It has taken me a long time to write this, but this confusion did not last, I suppose, over a minute or two.

All at once a gun was fired and all popped down again in their places, and the usual firing went on and the affair was over.

I have never seen any account of this, and I have never seen anyone who was there with me, and I feel a hesitancy in writing it, for fear it will not be believed; but I have given it exactly as I remember it, now over fifty years ago.

That tree fell after midnight, falling diagonally across our works, and wounding many men. I never knew how many. We were withdrawn before day to a line a short distance in our rear, and the next morning not a live Yankee could be seen; they had retreated in the night, but the dead were left so thick you could almost walk on them.

The next day I took W. L. Roach, a sergeant of my company, with me and we went to see that tree. Of course we knew then that the Yankees had retreated. The tree was cut down entirely by Minie balls, and it was twenty-two inches in diameter. The stump has been sawed off at the ground and is now in the Museum at Washington, D. C.

When we got back to our regiment, Colonel Bookter, who was then in command of the regiment, ordered us under arrest and told me to stay in my tent the balance of the day and not to come out till the morning. He ordered W. L. Roach to be put in the guardhouse for the same time. The Colonel was an intimate and personal companion and friend of mine, and this made me so mad at the time I could almost have killed him.

I had intended to tell of the narrow escape I had in those works at the tree. I was sitting against one of the traverses close to the works when, some time in the evening, a Yankee popped up and aimed his gun just over the works right at me, fired and popped down again. He had his bayonet on his gun and was so close I could have caught hold of it. He missed his mark. It was done in a second and I saw him no more. It was the hottest place I had been in during the war. We were in one place from early one morning a little after sunrise till just before day the next morning, behind the works near the big tree. This tree was the only one shot down, but there were many small trees all along the line that were shot all to pieces, the splinters from them sticking into the men's clothing, to their annoyance.

The works were hastily constructed by driving down a double row of stakes like a tomato trellis and filled in with poles and dirt till they were three or four feet thick and breast high. Good works, and we held them.

[Captain Jones, now in his eighty-third year, was first lieutenant of the 12th South Carolina Regiment, McGowan's Brigade, Wilcox's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, A. N. V. He took an active part in the battle of Spotsylvania and gave these incidents of that experience in a letter to his brother, Col. Willie Jones, of Columbia, S. C.]

IN THE BATTLE OF FIRST COLD HARBOR.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

I have read, with interest, "First Lessons in War," by I. G. Bradwell, in the October VETERAN. His account of the part taken by his command in the battle of first Cold Harbor is no doubt correct, but when he undertakes to describe the battle and battle fields on the Confederate right, he is very much in error. He speaks of our men being decimated by the fire of the enemy in their chosen position behind "Powhite Creek"; that the enemy occupied a hill on the east side of the creek and millpond (Gaines's Mill), made more difficult to cross by the trees cut to fall into them, and so forth.

Gaines's millpond and mill are a mile or more from the hill, or bluff, as some historians call it. The mill and pond are on the north side of the road leading from New Bridge over the Chickahominy Swamp to old Cold Harbor. The water, after flowing over the overspout wheel close to the road, crosses the road in a somewhat southeast direction, takes the name of Powhite, and flows through Gaines's farm, which is also called Powhite, and on to the Chickahominy swamp.

It runs about at a right angle to both battle lines forming the right terminus of the Confederate line and the Yankee left terminus. Longstreet's Corps passed over this road to reach Fitzjohn Porter's line of battle, which was formed behind a small stream called Boson Swamp, on the Watt, Joe Adams, and McGhee farms.

A Massachusetts regiment, bringing up the rear of Porter's army on its retreat from Mechanicsville and Beaver Dam, halted at the mill and delayed our troops for a short time while Porter was forming his line of battle.

The plateau, and bluff occupied by the Yanks was a part of my grandmother Watt's farm, and Boson Swamp formed one of the dividing lines between it and Gaines's farm, flowing in a slight curve around the foot of the bluff. When a boy, I waded in the stream and it was nowhere up to my knees. The position on the Confederate right was naturally very strong; underbrush, briars, and the deep banks of the stream were very formidable, but on the center and left the land was of a more gentle slope. I am confident that neither Boson Swamp or Chickahominy were much swollen on the 27th of June, 1862, when this battle was fought. At the time Seven Pines was fought, nearly a month previous, the Chickahominy was flooded, and McClellan's roads and bridges were very incomplete, but on the 27th both roads and bridges were in good condition, the road in rear of this position especially so. Nor do I think the Yanks were so badly demoralized as the writer thinks. Fitzjohn Porter fought this battle, and he also fought at the battle of Malvern Hill, which was certainly a victory for the Yanks, as the Confederates were repulsed all along the line.

Walter Harrison, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General of Pickett's Division, in his book called "Pickett's Men," describes vividly the final capture of this position by Pickett's Brigade, supported by R. H. Anderson's Brigade of South Carolina. Harrison was in the charge and within ten paces of General Pickett when he was wounded. Comrade Bradwell says: "In this battle ground is a Federal Cemetery in which stands an urn which contains the remains, or parts, of eighteen thousand Yankee soldiers killed in this fight and the one which took place here June 2 and 3, 1864. The Cold Harbor National Cemetery contains bodies of Federal soldiers gathered from the two battles of Cold Harbor and other battles in the surrounding territory. I had visited this cemetery shortly after it was established, and had seen a large mound said to contain unknown dead, and was sure that all of the dead were buried under the sod. To refresh my memory, I visited Hampton National Cemetery and interviewed the keeper, who had recently been the keeper of Cold Harbor. He told me there were eight hundred and eighty-nine unknown buried in the mound, and a total of nineteen hundred and seventy-one in the cemetery. At my written request, the Quartermaster General, War Department, Washington, has sent me a full list of National Cemeteries in the United States and the number of interments in each, and this is the official report for Cold Harbor, Va.: "Area in acres, 1¾; unknown interred, 1,338; known, 633; total, 1,971."

It may be of interest to know that there are interred in all National Cemeteries, from Louisiana to Alaska, 399,579 soldiers. Of this number about 10,000 are Confederates. This report is for quarter ending March 31, 1925. No doubt many of these have been buried from Soldiers' Homes and other places since the War between the States.

Secession was ratified in Virginia by a popular vote of 96,750 to 32,134, in 1861.—*Dixie Book of Days*.

SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

WILLIAM HAY, SURGEON, C. S. A.

CONTRIBUTED BY JAMES HAY, WASHINGTON D. C.

William Hay was born at Farnley, in Clarke County, Va., on January 19, 1833, the son of James and Eliza Gwynn Burwell Hay. His first paternal ancestor in this country was William Hay, who came to Virginia from Kilsythe, Scotland, in the year 1772.

Dr. Hay was educated at private schools in Virginia. He graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, in 1858, and began the practice of his profession at Millwood, Clarke County, Va., in the summer of that year. As a member of the Clarke Rifles, a militia company, he went to Harper's Ferry at the time of the John Brown raid in 1859.

At the beginning of the War between the States he was first lieutenant of the Clarke Rifles, which was Company C, of the 2nd Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, and took part in the first battle of Manassas, commanding his company during that battle after the captain of the company had been severely wounded in the early part of the action.

In the fall of 1861, he was made a surgeon of the Confederate army and was assigned to duty as surgeon of the 33rd Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. He remained with his regiment until the summer of 1862, taking part in the raid to Romney, W. Va., and was with the regiment during its activities in West Virginia and elsewhere.

In the summer of 1862, Dr. Hay was assigned to duty as surgeon in charge of the hospital at Staunton, Va. This was one of the largest hospitals in Virginia, and the fact that so young a man was given this important post attested the esteem in which he was held by his superiors. His duties were of the most responsible character, and he discharged them with conspicuous ability. He had the reputation of being one of the most expert operating surgeons in the service, and his executive ability was universally recognized. He had in full measure the love and admiration of his associates, and was greatly beloved by the soldiers under his charge.

During the battle of the Wilderness, in the early summer of 1864, he was ordered to duty in the field, and while there contracted a cold, which upon his return to Staunton developed into pneumonia, of which he died on June 4, 1864, and was buried with full military honors in the cemetery at Staunton, Va. After the war his remains were removed to the Old Chapel in Clarke County, Va.

SPARTAN WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

H. R. Edmunds, of Leesburg, Fla., refers to the "Spartan Mothers of North Carolina" as recorded in late numbers of the *VETERAN*, and says: "My mother reared seven children, all girls but myself, and, when the time came for me to go into the army of the Confederacy, she sent me very cheerfully, and I think she showed just as much of the Spartan spirit as the mother who sent seven sons. My company was sent to Richmond to be drilled before we went into actual service, and as I was starting off, my sweetheart gave me a dandelion blossom. I asked her what it meant, and she said I had been playing the *dandy* all my life, now I would have to play the *lion*. Well, the first fight I was in a ball struck the side of my head and knocked me down, and I couldn't get up. The Yankees came along and took me prisoner, but they paroled me and let me go home. I went to see my sweetheart and became engaged, then shortly was exchanged and went back to the ranks. Soon I was in another engagement and was severely wounded, a three-ounce ball going through the left side of

my chest and to the skin of my back. When I got home and the doctor examined me, he said it would take years for the wound to heal, but that I would live long, though I would always be short-winded. I wrote all this to my sweetheart and told her I couldn't ask her to marry a helpless cripple, but she wrote back that the engagement should not be broken, that if I couldn't take care of her, she could take care of me! There's a Spartan woman for you. I'm now eighty-eight years old."

VISITING VIRGINIA BATTLE FIELDS.

BY JOHN W. BONE, NASHVILLE, N. C.

As a soldier in the war from 1861-65, I followed Lee and Jackson through many of the battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. Having a desire to visit these memorable places where I faced death and destruction many times, and which would bring to mind many a scene of the past, during the past October I made my way to Fredericksburg, Va., and the scene of that awful battle of December 13, 1862, where General Burnside had put his army across the Rappahannock River on pontoons and attacked Lee's army on the south side.

I viewed the place that was called Hamilton's Crossing, where D. H. Hill's Division fought, to which I belonged and where I came so near being killed by a bomb, which, just missing me, fatally wounded a man in my rear. I also viewed Marye's Heights, where we slaughtered the enemy in great numbers. After the 13th there was no other engagement except by the sharpshooters and cannoneers, but we remained in line of battle for about three days. On the night of the third day the Federal army withdrew across the river, leaving a large number of dead and prisoners. Jackson's Corps had just come over from the Valley, poorly shod and clothed, for we had received but very little of either since the previous August, when we left Richmond for the Maryland campaign. While we remained in position, it rained and froze, turning bitter cold, and we suffered awfully, the army being in worse shape at that time perhaps than it ever was during the whole four years.

I also visited the historic old town located on the banks of the Rappahannock River. It is now a beautiful place, with a large number of inhabitants. Down on the river banks, in the cold winter of 1863, I stayed for one week on picket duty, having to stand four hours at night (two at a time) and walk my post from end to end along a narrow track, with the snow about three feet deep and the cold winds blowing across the river from Stafford Heights; and when relieved at the end of two hours, I had a very poor shelter to remain under and but little fire.

The cemetery, where a large number of Confederate soldiers were buried, is nicely kept. I was told that upward of 15,000 soldiers were buried in the Federal Cemetery there, the bodies having been taken from the different fields of battle around Fredericksburg. It was a fine-looking place. What was once the "Plank Road" leading from Fredericksburg to Orange Courthouse, a distance of about forty miles, is now a smooth dirt road. On that road, about five miles from the town is Salem Church.

"Fighting" Joe Hooker, who had been put in command of the Grand Army of the Potomac, had 150,000 men at his command, while Gen. Robert E. Lee, with the Army of Northern Virginia, was on the south side of the river with 50,000 Confederate soldiers, a part of his army having been sent to other places. About the last days of April, 1863, General Hooker commenced putting his army across the

Rappahannock River at three places on his march to Richmond—namely, at Fredericksburg, near Salem Church, and a large body up at Chancellorsville, about twelve miles above Fredericksburg. Jackson's Corps was camping near and below the town. The command that I belonged to (30th North Carolina Regiment) was at that time on picket duty on the river just below the town. There was a call for a corp of sharpshooters to meet the enemy. I was one, and we met them near the cedar road through the day and remained through the night. The next morning Jackson was ordered to go in the direction of Chancellorsville, which he did, this being May 1. We remained on the line for some time, but were relieved after a while and followed our commander, overtaking the corps before they struck the enemy above Salem Church, and we fought until night, then lay in line through the night, slumbering on our muskets, if slumber we did. We were near the place where Lee and Jackson were together for the last time (there is a marker at the place).

The next morning, May 2, we were expecting to be ordered forward, but to our surprise we were ordered to the rear, this being the time when Jackson started his great and successful last flank movement. We marched in quick and double-quick time and for several hours, and in the evening struck the enemy in the rear, fighting until dark. We had reached the plank road and my command (Ramseur's Brigade) was on the east side. We were ordered to take off the most of our baggage and be ready to make a night attack. Jackson was investigating the front as he returned, when he and his staff were mistaken for the enemy and fired upon by our own men, wounding and causing his death. We were about two hundred yards below the road. That stopped the attack for the night. The next morning we were ordered forward in support of another line. During the night the enemy had made temporary breastworks and cut down the growth in front of the line before we reached the works, taking them; but the enemy's line of support reached them before we did and took them back, we being in about thirty yards at the time making our way through the logs and brush. At this point the line in our front commenced falling back and, to prevent confusion, we were ordered to lie down until the men passed us, when we were ordered forward and took the works. At this time the enemy had a cross fire on us from our right and a battery in our front near Chancellor's house, but we turned our fire to the right and soon drove the enemy back. We were then ordered to charge the artillery in front of us, which was killing and wounding us rapidly, it being about half a mile from us in the open field. We charged and took it.

This just about ended the battle up here except the skirmishing and cannonading. We did not realize our condition until it was all over, and it was well that we did not, for we then realized that of seventy men we had started with in the morning, half were killed or wounded. On the morning of May 3, before we started, there were with us two brothers from the same county as myself (Nash), good boys and good soldiers. The younger went to the older and told him to take his rations and pocketbook, for he would be killed that day—and when the battle was over he was one among the dead.

Going back to Salem Church, which now has many markers near it in honor of some of the Federal regiments that fought and suffered near there, while Jackson's men were driving back the Federals at Fredericksburg and Salem Church, there was great slaughter of them at the river. So "Fighting" Joe soon passed back across the river with his good army, with the exception of those he had to leave on the other side. Going down the dirt road, I saw the old sunken road that I had traveled in those days and which leads down to Hamilton's

Crossing. I then came to the Chancellor house, a large, two-story brick building and basement, showing signs of war, with many pieces of shells lying around it. Passing to the rear of the inclosure, I saw where there was a heavy forest at that time, but which was burned off. I had been sent with others to stop the fire and remove the wounded. I viewed the fields in which we crossed in taking the battery, where it seemed that we would all be killed. Continuing down the road where we had remained until the enemy disappeared, I viewed the woods where I was put on the front sharpshooter's line one dark, rainy night, and I remembered how the whippoorwills would cry, their clear notes ringing near me—and how my thoughts went back to my boyhood days at home.

I went to the place where Jackson received his death wound near the old road. I was so near on that night that I heard the firing of the guns that wounded him. A handsome monument now stands at the place. The day being far spent, I made my way to Mr. Strickland's house, a few miles beyond Spotsylvania Courthouse, and near the National Highway, and spent the night in that hospitable home. Mr. Strickland is nearing his threescore years and ten, still actively attending to his domestic affairs. His wife, son, and a daughter are with him. He owns a good farm, with a large old-time brick building on it, which, I was told, was erected in 1850.

The next morning, in company with a gentleman and two ladies, we started for that part of the battle field known as "Bloody Angle," a place that I have wanted to visit since I was there sixty-one years ago. On our way near the courthouse we came to a large Confederate cemetery, where the dead from the battle fields of Chancellorsville and Spotsylvania had been placed. At the edge of the Wilderness stands a large monument erected to some Federal general who was killed in that battle in May, 1864.

We came to an old road that I had tramped on the 8th day of May, 1864, a very warm day, so hot that many men fainted and fell by the wayside. We had thrashed General Grant at the Wilderness, and he was now moving his army down to Spotsylvania. It was then the eighth day, and we had been fighting since the fifth day. We met Grant's army that evening and had a rather heavy engagement, threw up breastworks, and made ready for an attack, this being Sunday. We remained in our work for three days, the sharpshooters firing on our front day and night and engagements occurring on our right and left every day; but we were not engaged until the 12th of May. About a quarter of a mile to our right was the angle our line made in order to get the elevation of the land for the advantage of the artillery. We held our lines well. The enemy tried to see if they could get that angle, so they could move their artillery there and turn up and down our lines. To give a better understanding of the capture of the angle, I will relate the experience of one who was on the enemy's side. He told that in the charge on the morning of the 12th, before day, they formed seven lines of men behind one another, gave them as much whisky as was necessary, but no loaded guns, and told them to take the angle, and so they did. We had only one line, but our men stood to them hand to hand until it was no use to try any longer and fell back or surrendered. The enemy had completed his object, and mounted the artillery and turned it up and down our lines. Something had to be done and that quickly. General Ramseur believed in obeying orders and did not mind fighting when it was needed. He was ordered to take his North Carolina Brigade and get the angle back. We were formed in front of a low place and ordered to use bayonets. Every soldier knew what that meant. The General said: "Colonel, we have got to take the works, and we can do it." We were

now in about three hundred yards of the angle, and they crossed fired on us. It was awful, but we stood firm awaiting orders. We had passed through so much in the eight days that fear had almost left us. The command was now given to go forward. We assembled on a small piece of land and passed the sharpshooters, the balls and shells coming thick. We were then ordered to charge. We took a trot and gave the rebel yell and went to the angle, and had it hand to hand for a while. Finally, the enemy, seeing our determination, gave back, but both sides remained and held their lines, the lines being near together. A regular fire was kept up all day and all night, a steady round of cannon and musketry for about twenty hours, and on the morning of the 13th the Confederates, about day, fell back and had a little rest, which was badly needed. There were more men killed at that place during the battle than in any one day during the war.

I was told by those who buried the dead that many were found lying on each other. Markers have been erected in honor of some of the Federal soldiers. I came to a place where a tree fifteen inches in diameter had been cut down by bullets. The stump has been taken up and put in the Museum in Washington City. The place was marked by a lightwood post. A man, now living on the hill, said that he was a boy living there and had to leave home, and on returning found three North Carolina soldiers dead under the tree.

I had a sad, but fortunate, experience in this battle. I was in the charge and, just before reaching the angle was shot through the body by a ball, which I still have. It went through me and lodged in a pack that I carried. I knew that I was hit and hit bad, but did not know how bad. Seeing me go down, my officer thought I was killed and reported me dead; but I was not dead, and soon began to try to get out. I was bleeding very freely, and the shells and balls were coming thick, but I began trying to get to the rear. I could go only a short way at a time, and was hit by two more balls, but I managed to get to the top of the hill and behind a small tree in the open field. In that time I had lost so much blood and was so weak I could not go farther. I was hoping that the battle would end and I would be taken out, but they did not stop until about day the next morning, when our men fell back. I was weak, wet, cold, thirsty, and sleepy, but was not aware of my condition until I was aroused by the fire of a gun near me. Glancing to my rear, I saw a line of sharpshooters advancing, and I then knew I was between the lines, on "No-Man's-Land," and no one could come to me without being killed. I remained in this condition for two more days and nights, hoping that there would be some change, and on the last evening, hearing the enemy moving their artillery and firing on our men, I decided that they would advance the next morning. Things looked very serious to me, for without some change that would be my last resting place. O! the three days and nights that I spent there seemed like a lifetime! Seeing no relief in sight, I lifted my heart, mind, and soul to the Supreme Power to help me get away from there. The moon shone until nearly day, and when it was gone from sight I made an effort to get away. Moving by little degrees I got near our line and was helped. It is a desolate place now; a few people live around there, but the fields have grown in bushes to a great extent. I located about the very place where I lay, but the tree was gone and the house that then stood there had been burned. Notwithstanding all this, I was so thankful to be living and, after sixty-one years, able to come back and realize something that I never had before. After escaping death there and helping to fight other battles, then surrendering at Appomattox, I have been spared into my eighty-fourth year.

CONFEDERATE SWORDS.

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

"Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee"

And thousands of other swords, just as pure and bright, flashed in the Southern sunlight in the four long years of warfare that marked the Confederacy's struggle for independence.

Poets may dream of the beauty of these stainless blades drawn in the cause of liberty, but the cold, matter-of-fact historian and the enthusiastic collector of Confederate weapons would like to know whence came these swords. And this article is intended to be a partial answer to the question.

The outbreak of the war found stored in the Federal and State armories several thousand old sabers, relics of the Mexican War and the War of 1812. They were clumsy, unwieldy weapons, with broad blades, heavy iron scabbards, wooden grips, and iron guards. Similar swords formed the armament of various horse militia companies throughout the South. In private homes were many fine swords, relics of other wars, valuable as heirlooms, but of little use for actual service.

There were no sword factories in the South before the War between the States. Swords, like dueling pistols, Colt, and other revolvers, hunting rifles and fowling pieces, were imported from Europe or bought from Northern manufacturers by Southern military outfitters, such as Hyde & Goodrich, of New Orleans; Courtney & Tennant, of Charleston; and Canfield Brothers, of Baltimore. At the outbreak of the war, Southern agents were sent North to purchase weapons. Swords and sabers were included in the purchases, but few of these arms reached the South.

As many of the swords used in the Confederate army were captured from the enemy, a glance at the types in use in the Union army will be interesting. General Ripley, Union Chief of Ordnance, reported June 30, 1862, that since the outbreak of the war the government had purchased the following:

	American Make.	European Importation.
Officers' swords.....	1,352	2,107
Noncommissioned officers' swords.....	6,889	19,951
Musicians' swords.....	2,050	5,363
Cavalry sabers.....	53,986	138,813
Horse artillery sabers.....	5,250	3,515
Foot artillery swords.....	300	4,262

Col. George L. Schuyler was sent to Europe by the Union War Department and made extensive purchases of arms. In September, 1861, he wrote to the Secretary of War that he had contracted for "20,000 light cavalry sabers of the Montmorency pattern."

Large contracts for sabers were let in the North. Perhaps the largest manufacturer was the Ames Manufacturing Company, of Chicopee, Mass., an old firm of cutlers. They turned out excellent cavalry and artillery sabers of a pattern which remained unchanged and was the United States army regulation type until after the Spanish-American War. Among the numerous other sword makers was Tiffany, New York jeweler, who made excellent weapons for the government.

The Confederate government also sent agents to Europe in search of arms. General Gorgas, Confederate Chief of Ordnance, reported February 3, 1863, that Maj. Caleb Huse had bought abroad and shipped to the South 16,178 cavalry sabers. There is no record to show whence they came. The blockade runner Fingal landed at Savannah in October, 1861, 500 sabers and 250 swords of English make. Incidentally,

these English cavalry sabers were among the best swords used in the South. They were called Enfield sabers, probably because their mountings were similar to those of the Enfield rifle saber bayonets. Isaacs & Co., of London, furnished thousands of these sabers to the South.

Beautiful swords for officers were made in England and shipped to the South. They were made by Robert Mole & Sons, of Birmingham; Firmin, of London, an old firm of military outfitters; and others. Many of them had ornamented guards and etched blades. Some of these were made to the order of Southern firms and bore the latter's names. Thus the Confederate swords marked Courtney & Tennant, Charleston, were made in England. The Charleston firm did not manufacture them.

Some Confederate swords came from Germany. W. Walsoneid, of Solingen, was one of the firms which made swords for the Confederacy. The United States consul at Hamburg reported April 5, 1862, that part of the cargo of the Steamship Bahama, about to sail, included fifty-seven boxes of cavalry sabers and sixteen boxes of swords for the South.

Among the swords made in England were beautiful weapons for naval officers. Fine naval cutlasses also were made in England and shipped to the South. Some of those which have been preserved bear the name of Courtney & Tennant, of Charleston. Two of these cutlasses made in England and stamped "Courtney & Tennant, Charleston, S. C.," are in the Confederate Museum, Richmond. They formed part of the armament of the Confederate privateer Jeff Davis.

The manufacture of swords was undertaken by many Southerners at the beginning of the war. DeBow's *Review* of March-April, 1862, says:

"McKennie & Co., of Charlottesville, Va., is making six swords a week.

"T. D. Driscoll, Howardsville, Va., is making twenty-eight swords a week.

"W. J. McElroy & Co., of Macon, Ga., is making twenty infantry swords, twenty naval cutlasses, twenty sergeant's swords, and twenty Bowie knives per week.

"E. J. Johnston & Co., Macon, is making forty infantry swords, forty artillery sabers, forty cavalry sabers, and forty naval cutlasses a week."

One of these Johnston swords is in the National Museum, Washington, with other Confederate weapons.

Froelich & Eastvan, two foreigners, established a sword factory at Wilmington, N. C., and contracted to make swords for the State of North Carolina. The swords are said to have been worthless. Colonel Eastvan, an Austrian, later went through the lines to New York, where he published a book on his adventures in the South which shame the late Baron Munschausen. Louis Froelich, his German partner, next established a sword factory at Kenansville, N. C., employing fifteen or twenty hands. The factory was burned by Federal raiders in 1864.

Swords of excellent workmanship, with "C. S. A." cast in the guard and the blade engraved with Confederate flags and other patriotic designs, were made at the arsenal on College Hill, Nashville, Tenn.

Also at Nashville, the firm of Sharp & Hamilton, manufacturers of plows and farm implements, reversed the Biblical injunction and converted plowshares into swords. These weapons were well made, with "C. S. A." and "Nashville Plow Works" cast in the brass guard. When the Federals occupied Nashville in April, 1862, Sharp & Hamilton were thrown into prison and their sword-making activities abruptly terminated.

Gen. Gideon Pillow, in a letter written from Memphis,

May 31, 1861, to General Anderson, said: "We have a thousand sabers under way, none finished. In a few days we shall be receiving fifty per day."

These swords were probably made by Thomas Leech & Co. (Memphis Novelty Works). They had brass guards of the regulation pattern and long straight blades. As Memphis was taken by the enemy in June, 1862, the industry must have been short-lived. L. T. Cunningham was another Nashville sword maker.

An interesting note on sword making is contained in Wells's "Hampton and His Cavalry." Says Wells: "At Columbia were made the heavy, long, straight, double-edged swords, very serviceable and Crusader-like, with cross hilts." It is too bad that one of these formidable weapons has not been preserved.

At Columbia were also made some excellent cavalry sabers of the Ames U. S. regulation model. They do not bear the maker's name, but are stamped "Columbia, S. C.," on the blade near the hilt. However, there is documentary evidence that Peter Kraft and — Macon, of Columbia, both made swords for the Confederacy.

In Richmond swords and sword bayonets were made by Boyle, Gamble & MacFee. In the *Examiner* of September 2, 1861, there is a note that the firm's stock of steel had been badly damaged by fire the previous day.

Perhaps the largest sword factory in the South was that of L. Haiman & Brother, of Columbus, Ga. Louis and Elias Haiman were Prussians by birth and tanners by trade. They opened their sword factory in 1861, and within a year the plant had been so successful that it covered an entire city block. DeBow's *Review* says the output of swords was one hundred a week. Later the firm made revolvers, leather equipment, and cooking utensils for the army. More than five hundred hands were employed. The first sword made by Haiman is said to have been presented to Col. Peyton H. Colquitt, killed at Chickamauga. This sword was inlaid with gold and was elaborately engraved and etched. Clanton's regiment of cavalry was armed entirely with Haiman sabers. The factory was burned by the Federals, April 16, 1865.

Naval cutlasses were made in the South, but they were modeled after those used in the War of 1812 and the Mexican War. The grips were of brass, the guard of brass, and the blades were of the old Roman pattern, two inches wide and double-edged. Some of these were ornamented with a fouled anchor on one side the handle and "C. S. N." on the other. Cutlasses of this pattern were made by Thomas Griswold & Co., of New Orleans. These were variously stamped on the blade "Thomas Griswold, New Orleans" and "T. G. & Co., N. O."

The foot artillery swords made in the South were also modeled after the old foot artillery swords of the United States army. Ames made thousands of these foot artillery swords in the forties, using the French foot artillery sword as a model. Those made in the South usually had a wooden scabbard. Many Southern-made swords had scabbards of wood, brass mounted, the metal scabbards being too costly and difficult to make. Sabers with wooden scabbards were issued to the 5th Georgia Cavalry, of Wheeler's command, in the early part of 1865.

The manufacture and importation of sword bayonets was an important item in the Confederacy's munition program. Thousands of the short Enfield rifles imported from England were equipped with saber bayonets and some of them with cutlass bayonets. Two companies of the 21st Mississippi Regiment were armed with these "Marine Enfields" with cutlass bayonets.

Some of the rifles made at Fayetteville with machinery

captured at Harper's Ferry, in 1861, were equipped with sword bayonets. So also were many rifles made by Cook & Brother, at New Orleans, and by Mendenhall, James & Gardner, at Greensboro, N. C.

The manufacture of sword bayonets in the Confederacy was discontinued by order of Adj. Gen. Samuel Cooper, January 14, 1864.

"BOWIE KNIVES."

Frequent references have been made in the foregoing to knives. No article on Confederate cutlery would be complete without notice of the "Bowie knives," which were considered so important a part of the equipment of the Southern volunteer in 1861. Fire-eating orators and editors urged the recruits to arm themselves with "Bowie knives," adding that the Yankees were afraid of 'cold steel.'

Thousands of knives of varied and often outlandish pattern were made in the South under contract. Many thousands more were fashioned by the village blacksmiths, an old file, ground smooth and with a razorlike edge, fitted with a wooden grip and crude iron hilt or guard. They were all called "Bowie knives," although few of them would have been recognized by the hero of the Alamo. Company C, 1st Georgia Infantry, from Cass County, was known as the "Bowie Knife Boys."

Almost every Confederate soldier had one of these weapons in the early days of the war, and it was quite the vogue to have one's photograph—carte-de-visite or daguerreotype—taken with Bowie knife in hand to thrill and shock the folks at home.

In the Georgia Military Records, Volume II, we find that large numbers of military knives were made under State contract. These were inspected regularly by Peter Brown, master armorer. There is a record of three hundred and twenty-one Georgia knives being sent to Chattanooga in 1862 and issued to Colonel Phillips's regiment, and nine hundred and sixty to Col. J. Brown, at Macon, Ga.

From the same source we learn that in April, May, June, and August, 1862, 4,908 knives were made under contract for the State of Georgia and received at the arsenal. Among the makers whose names are recorded are: N. Weed, John Baker, J. W. and L. L. Moore, John C. Smith, J. C. Zimmerman & Co., O. S. Haynes, James M. Hall, R. J. Hughes, H. Gilleland, W. J. McElroy & Co., Cameron & Winn, John D. Gray, William Berry, J. J. Ford, and F. M. Hail. Hughes made nearly 1,400, the Moores about 850, and Gray about 500.

Poring over the old files of the *Richmond Examiner* for 1861, we find many interesting notes about Confederate knives. Clarkson, Anderson & Company, 106 Main Street, Richmond, advertised "Virginia-made Bowie knives at reduced prices."

In the *Examiner* of August 7, copied from a New York newspaper, is an item about a "Secession knife" shown by a returned member of the 9th New York Regiment. It is thus described: "It is made from a saw blade 18 inches long, with buckhorn grip. The back is ground sharp and the teeth arranged to act as barbs." Probably a copy of the engineer swords of European armies which had a saw-edged back.

The *Macon Telegraph* in June, 1861, said the Hon. Mark A. K. Hooper had left for Virginia with a "superb Bowie knife for every member of the Atlanta Grays. These knives were made at the Etowah Iron Works under Major Hooper's personal supervision. They are handsomely mounted, of excellent workmanship, and most beautiful finish."

In the *Examiner* of June 26, a notice announced that "recruits for the Wise Legion will bring a gun and a good Bowie knife." The same newspaper of June 3 said: "Richmond armorers are now making fine Bowie knives in quantity."

An interesting article appeared in the *Natchez (Miss.) Free Trader* in May, 1861. It follows:

"Capt. Rees Fitzpatrick, gunsmith of Natchez, Miss., is the manufacturer of the first Bowie knife ever made. He was then resident in Louisiana and made the knife from a pattern furnished by Col. James Bowie, the inventor, whose name this formidable weapon will ever bear. The millions of knives bearing this name and made in Sheffield and Birmingham, England, have no affinity to the real Bowie knife as made by the original manufacturer, Fitzpatrick. He makes his knife of elastic tempered steel, and the knives have the spring and rebound of a Damascus blade, while the English knives are made so hard for the purpose of giving them the highest possible polish that they have no elasticity and in cutting will break out huge gaps in the edge as easily as pot metal. Last week Mr. Fitzpatrick made a powerful knife for Dr. L. P. Blackburn precisely after the original pattern of Colonel Bowie. The blade weighed only one pound and was elastic enough to quiver at the touch and bore an unsurpassed edge, keen as the lightning's flash. Dr. Blackburn intends to exhibit the knife to the armorers of Louisville as a pattern and will induce them to imitate its temper and perfection for State defense. Mr. Fitzpatrick is the first weapon artist who placed the Bowie knife upon the rifle as a bayonet after the pattern of Gen. Felix Houston, a kindred spirit to the brave brothers Bowie. He also made that gem of a sword presented to General Quitman, and is now making a duplicate of it on order of Governor Pettus for presentation to Gen. Earl Van Dorn."

After the first battle of Manassas, weird tales of the havoc created in the Northern ranks by the Southern Bowie knives were circulated and published. Most of these centered around the famous Louisiana Tigers (Wheat's Battalion), the men of which were said to have dropped their guns and charged the enemy, brandishing their knives and yelling like Indians. These stories helped to make the Bowie knife almost the national weapon of the Confederacy. Later, when the war, like all other wars before and since, had lost its glamor and settled down into a grim, bloody test of endurance, with the muskets of the infantry and the long arm of the artillery bearing the brunt of the fighting, the fearsome knives were discarded as a useless and unnecessary encumbrance.

Amid all the editorial tributes to the Bowie knife, the following discordant note is worthy of mention:

"Where lies the necessity of soldiers parading our streets with revolvers and Bowie knives, many of the latter as large as old-fashioned scythe blades?"—*Richmond Examiner*, June 28, 1861.

And the story is told of one Southern soldier, who returned home at close of the war without the huge piece of cutlery which he had so valiantly flourished when he left for the front. Asked what had become of it, he answered: "I threw it away. The Yanks never let me get close enough to 'em to use it."

THE BATTLE OF BAYOU DES ALLEMANDS.

BY GEORGE R. MORRIS, PINEVILLE, LA.

An interesting bit of war history was found in an issue of the *Iberville South*, of Plaquemine, La., dated May 30, 1903, which reprinted some interesting correspondence between Capt. Alex Hebert and Col. George B. N. Wailes, of Plaquemine, published in the *Times-Democrat*, of New Orleans, under date of April 25, 1894.

This correspondence has to deal with the account in Professor Alcee Fortier's "History of Louisiana" covering the

battle of Bayou des Allemands and the capture of that Federal post by the Confederate troops. The account of this battle as given by Colonel Wailes differs from that given in Fortier's history and differs from the account of the battle as given in General Taylor's book, "Destruction and Reconstruction."

Colonel Wailes, who was present at the engagement, commanding militia of the parish of St. Charles, points out that Mr. Fortier and General Taylor were in error as to the units of troops participating in this battle, and makes the suggestion that the account of the battle should be corrected. Both General Taylor and Mr. Fortier give the credit of this Confederate victory to Waller's Texas Cavalry, while Colonel Wailes claims the glory should have been given to General Pratt, who commanded the irregular troops, or State Militia, consisting of men from the parishes of St. Charles and St. John the Baptist.

As will be seen in the letter that follows from Colonel Wailes, Waller's troops did not take part in this battle, but, on the contrary, were trapped in attempting to join his command and that of General Pratt, which were almost completely annihilated near Vacherie, being killed or captured almost to a man, due to their being shelled from Federal gunboats conveying transports loaded with a brigade of infantry which came up at a most inopportune time for the Confederates. The gunboats shelled the hapless brigade from their left flank, the transports debarked troops which attacked the front and rear of the Confederate column simultaneously while on their right flank was an impassable morass and swamp, this battle taking place twenty-four hours after the fall of Bayou des Allemands.

Bayou des Allemands was the outpost of the Federal army, which was stretching out its arms from New Orleans like a huge octopus, and this outpost was at the end of one of its long tentacles and was the limit of the Federal advance in that direction at that time.

The battle of Bayou des Allemands was the first victory of the Confederates in Louisiana after the fall of New Orleans to General Butler, and this engagement did much to brighten the drooping spirit of the citizens of the State.

Colonel Wailes was commissioned by Governor Moore, at Opelousas, as colonel of the militia of the parish of St. Charles, and was put in command of the militia of that parish, and he did splendid service during the war. He was once representative and twice senator (State senator), and while his account of the battle differs materially from that of Mr. Fortier, as well as the account of General Taylor, yet his statements should bear considerable weight, especially in view of the fact that I was informed recently by an old resident of the city of Plaquemine that Mr. Fortier replied to Colonel Wailes's letter through the medium of the *Times-Democrat*, thanking the Colonel for the data contained in his letter, and saying that he would make the necessary changes in the next edition of his history. I was unable to secure a copy of the *Times-Democrat* of that date, and therefore did not see Mr. Fortier's reply to Colonel Wailes.

The following editorial appeared in the *Iberville South* of May 30, 1903, commenting upon a reprint of Colonel Wailes's letter which had appeared in the *Times-Democrat* about ten years before:

"General Taylor, in his book upon the war, entitled 'Destruction and Reconstruction,' gives credit for the capture of the Federal fort at Bayou des Allemands entirely to Texas troops. The General is wholly at fault in his statement of facts. This was clearly shown in a letter written by one who participated in the struggle and in the events preceding and

following the capture of the fort. But there still seems to be a misunderstanding in relation to the status of the case. Colonel Wailes's letter was published nearly ten years ago in the *Times-Democrat*, but no attempt was made to circulate it, and perhaps many of our Confederate friends have never seen it. We regard the matter of such importance that we reprint the letter, even to the exclusion of other important matters.

"Louisiana would detract nothing from the glory of Texas nor the achievements of their gallant soldiers during the War between the States, but when she modestly demands space to correct statements giving credit to other troops for the deeds of valor of her own sons, she should be heard."

The letter from Colonel Wailes to Capt. Alex Hebert, Plaquemine, La., under date of April 30, 1894, is as follows:

"My Dear Captain: I had never seen Professor Alcee Fortier's account of the capture of the Federal post at Bayou des Allemands, in 1862, until my attention was called to it in your letter addressed to me through the *Times-Democrat* of the 25th inst. The account is entirely erroneous, and this is the more to be regretted since it is understood that Professor Fortier, who is well fitted for the task by his surroundings and his scholarly tastes and acquirements, is engaged in gathering together the stray leaves and unwritten chapters of Louisiana's history during the war with a view of their perpetuation in an enduring record. But, as you correctly surmise, Professor Fortier is not to be blamed for his statement. It is no doubt based upon, is, indeed, but a condensation of the account given by Gen. Richard Taylor, to be found in Chapter VIII, page 111, of his book entitled 'Destruction and Reconstruction,' and which reads as follows:

"Mention has been made of the plundering expeditions of the Federals, and the post at Bayou des Allemands was reported as the especial center from which raids on the helpless inhabitants were undertaken. I determined to attempt the surprise and capture of this post, which could be reached from the river at a point fifty miles below Donaldsonville. My estate was in the immediate vicinity of this point, and the roads and paths through the plantation and swamps were well known to me. Colonel Waller was assigned to the duty, with minute instructions concerning roads and movements, and competent guides were furnished him. Moving rapidly by night, and to escape observation, avoiding the road near the river, Waller with his Texans gained the enemy's rear, advanced on his camp, and, after a slight resistance, captured two companies of infantry and guns. The captured arms and accouterments served to equip Waller's men, whose rifles were altered flintlocks and worthless, and the prisoners were sent to the Teche to be guarded by Fournet's Acadians. This trifling success, the first in the State since the loss of New Orleans, attracted attention, and the people rejoiced at the capture of Des Allemands and its garrison as might those of Greece at the unearthing of the accomplished and classic thief, Cacus. Indeed, the den of that worthy never contained such multifarious "loot" as did the Federal camp. Books, pictures, household furniture, rings, ear rings, etc.'

"For some time after the fall of the city of New Orleans, a Confederate soldier was not to be found in that part of Louisiana west of the Mississippi River. Many unavoidable delays occurred before General Taylor, who had been appointed to the command of the newly created department of the Trans-Mississippi, could reach the State, and he says himself that at the time of the capture of the post at Bayou des Allemands, Waller's Battalion was the only Confederate organization in the State. (See General Taylor's book, page 110.)

"But before that, and as soon as the people had partially recovered from the effects of the utter paralysis which had fallen upon them, they began to move in their own defense. Colonels Vick and Bisland had raised two fine regiments, the one in the parish of Lafourche and the other in the parish of Terrebonne, and other organizations had sprung into existence in the country west of the Atchafalaya, among them two companies of mounted men, commanded, respectively, by Captain Ash and Captain (afterwards Major) McWaters.

"The dark edges of the somber cloud approaching had early spread over the parish of St. Charles, and the people began to have a foretaste of the horrors of invasion. They were ready for resistance and clamorous for an opportunity to face the enemy. I was at the time a member of the legislature, and, as was natural, they flocked to me for information, for advice, and for help. One parish could not act alone, and, at the suggestion of some of the leading citizens, I went to Opelousas to lay before the governor a plan which they had formulated, by which it was believed a very considerable force could be gathered and united for purposes of defense in the parishes of St. James, St. John, St. Charles, and Jefferson.

"I submitted the proposition to the governor, and he rejected it. There was no law for it, he said. The good and patient governor knew nothing of the maxim, '*Inter armos leges silent.*' As a palliation and to soften the pain of disappointment, he tendered me a commission as colonel of the parish of St. Charles, which I declined to accept. On my trip to Opelousas I had traveled part of the way with my friend, Joseph A. Breaux, now an associate justice of the Supreme Bench. To him I detailed the proposed plan, and his sympathies were much enlisted in its favor. He was also present at the interview with the governor. Being of a temperate and conservative frame of mind, he prevailed upon me, after some urgency, to accept the tender made by the governor. He very truly said it was that or nothing. The appointment being accepted, I returned home, but with no very bright hopes of being able to accomplish anything.

"Things turned out better than I had expected, however, and in a short time after my return, as the result of an agreement with Col. Norbert Louque, of St. John, and a train of circumstances not necessary to be recounted here, I found myself in the field with about three hundred volunteers from the parishes of St. Charles and St. John the Baptist under my command. It was an irregular organization, one company of which consisted of mounted men to do picket and patrol duty and to act as scouts.

"These men were totally undisciplined, but were fired with enthusiasm, many of them being young men of wealth, education, and high social position who afterwards displayed their valor on many battle fields, and some of whom (among them being the noble and gallant Lezin Becknel) poured out their lives at Atlanta in a charge as desperate and disastrous as Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

"Meanwhile the Federals had occupied the post at Bayou des Allemands. It was their advance post, the only one west of New Orleans, with which city it was connected by rail. The object in holding it was evident. The intention was to make it a depot of supplies and the base of operations for a forward movement.

"In order to check that movement, at least for a time, until Confederate forces could be brought into the State and concentrated at the point of danger, Colonels Vick and Bisland strongly urged that an attempt should be made to capture the post with such forces as were available, and at the earliest practicable moment, and this suggestion met with the approval at headquarters at Opelousas.

"Concert became necessary, and, accordingly, accompanied by guides and by Capt. Louis Ranson, I went to the Lafourche for the purpose of consultation with the officers there. We took a cut-off across the Chackbay swamp, by a blind path or 'chantier,' as it was called by the few residents on each side of the swamp, and in a few hours reached Colonel Vick's camp at Raceland, a trip to make which by the public road along the banks of the Mississippi and Lafourche would have required at least two days of hard riding. We found that our friends on the Lafourche had various plans under discussion. One plan, and the favorite one, was to flank the enemy's position by a movement made with batteaux through the interlacing network of shallow inland waterways connecting the mouth of the Lafourche with the mouth of Bayou des Allemands. But this plan and all others under consideration were dropped after Captain Ranson had been heard, whose unanswerable arguments soon convinced everybody that the true route for the expedition to take was the one we had just that morning traveled, across the Chackbay swamp.

"It was then agreed that Colonels Vick and Bisland should construct a military road across the swamp as far as the Vacherie settlement, and that I should undertake to make connection between that point and the Boutte station road in the parish of St. Charles by building bridges and uniting the turnovers on the various plantations in the rear of the cane fields.

"Vick and Bisland immediately sent a strong force of men with axes into the Chackbay swamp, but the timber was very thick and a deep and sluggish bayou had to be bridged, and the work required time. My work, though covering a much longer distance, was readily and easily accomplished.

"When everything was ready, Ash and McWarters joined Vick and Bisland at Thibodeaux, and General Pratt, who had come on from Opelousas, took command. It was the month of August; the cane was very high in the fields, and, after an easy march unmolested by gunboats, the expedition reached my camp at sundown. After needed rest for men and horses, reinforced by my command, the march was resumed during the night. Boutte Station was reached at daylight, and after a smart conflict between the advance guard and some Federal soldiers on a train, fifteen or twenty of whom were captured, General Pratt moved rapidly down the railroad in the direction of Bayou des Allemands, eight miles distant, and invested the post. The surprise was complete, the numbers of the attacking party overwhelming, and in a few hours the post fell into his hands, surrendering at discretion.

"Lieutenant (?) Waller had but lately come on from Texas in command of a splendid battalion of cavalry. The men were superbly mounted, well armed, and thoroughly equipped for war. Many of them had already achieved in their own State local renown for deeds of daring. Altogether it was as gallant an array as ever marched under any flag. It is said of them that when they took up their line of march eastward from New Iberia, moving leisurely down the Teche, they attracted the admiration and plaudits of the people. It had been arranged that Waller should join the Des Allemands expedition, but at the appointed time he was not on hand and it was impossible to wait for him, and the expedition moved without him.

"When General Pratt reached my camp he expressed great anxiety on Waller's account. He was known to be in our rear somewhere, moving toward us, but was ignorant of the country and of the route. As the only thing that could be done for him under the circumstances, it was deemed advisable to send back to him a trustworthy officer to act as a guide. Lieut. Achile Bougere was detailed for that purpose, and, as

was afterwards shown, discharged this duty faithfully. But, as was feared, misfortune was in store for Waller. Twenty-four hours behind, he had reached a point in his march about two miles below my plantation in St. Charles Parish when the smoke of steamers coming up the river was seen. Transports, convoyed by gunboats and bearing a brigade of infantry, soon hove in sight. Troops were landed above and below Waller, the gunboats opened fire, a shell exploded his ammunition ambulance, and, hemmed in on both flanks, the gunboats in front and an impenetrable swamp in the rear, the battalion was doomed. It was shattered and went to pieces, never to be reunited. Guided by Bourgere, many of the men hurriedly retreated back to the swamp, and, riding into the water as far as they could, in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Federals, they cut the throats of each others horses, for a touching part of the story, as it was told to us, was that not one of them had the heart to kill his own horse. Afterwards, wading through the margin of the swamps, they made their way to the Bayou des Allemands in squads of fifteen and twenty. Some of the poor fellows were killed and some were captured and taken to New Orleans on transports.

"One gallant officer, whose name I would like to now recall, and who came to us afterwards, leaped from the boat on which he was a prisoner and swam ashore.

"In the light of these facts, my dear Captain, the inadvertent error to which you have called my attention I hope, by this letter, may to some extent be corrected, and, in endeavoring to correct it, let us hope that I have harmed no one. I think you will credit me when I say that not for the world would I deprive a soldier of the Southern cause any meed of praise that belongs to him or tarnish a single laurel on his brow. Especially have I nothing but words of tenderness and praise for those brave Texans.

"Yours very truly,

GEORGE B. N. WAILES."

The above is given as a bit of history of the war in Louisiana that may be of interest to all the remaining Confederate veterans, as well as to others interested in our beloved State and its glorious history. In view of Colonel Wailes's high social position and his record as an eminent attorney, statesman, and soldier, his statements regarding this battle should bear weight, and it may be that the account of the battle as given in Fortier's history and in General Taylor's book may be in error. However, this is written simply as a bit of interesting data found in a copy of the *Times-Democrat* of thirty-one years ago.

FOR ARMISTICE DAY.

Blow out, ye bugles, over the rich dead!

There's none of these so lonely and poor of old

But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.

These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be

Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene

That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us for our dearth

Holiness lacked so long, and Love and Pain.

Honor has come back, as a king, to earth,

And paid his subjects with a royal wage;

And Nobleness walks in our ways again;

And we have come into our heritage.

—Rupert Brooke.

THE SPLENDID VALOR SHOWN AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 2, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The searcher for detailed facts from authoritative sources to sustain Confederate movements and achievements is often disappointed. Though General Lee, Commander in Chief, made an official report, and Lieutenant General Longstreet, in command of the assaulting troops on Meade's left at Gettysburg, made an official report soon after the battle, and the latter subsequently wrote extensively concerning it, three brigades of the division of Major General McLaws which participated in that assault and made a display of valor equal to the most brilliant exhibition of that quality shown by the troops on each side, are referred to incidentally only. These brigades were Barksdale's Mississippi, consisting of the 13th, 17th, 18th, and 21st Mississippi infantry regiments; Semmes's Georgia, consisting of the 10th, 50th, 51st, and 53rd Georgia infantry regiments; and Wofford's Georgia, consisting of the 16th, 18th, and 24th Georgia infantry regiments, and Cobb's and Phillips's Legions.

In the preparation of his sketches previously published in the *VETERAN*, the writer failed to find an official report made by Maj. Gen. LaFayette McLaws; and, as Brigadier Generals Barksdale and Semmes were mortally wounded, they died without reporting; nor were there reports available in the Official Records from any of the subordinate officers of either of these brigades; nor is there an official report in the Official Records from Brigadier General Wofford, nor from any of the subordinate officers in his brigade. The fourth brigade of McLaws's Division was Brig. Gen. Joseph B. Kershaw's South Carolina Brigade. General Kershaw's official report is shown in the Official Records, and he wrote an extended report which is published in "Battles and Leaders."

Gen. E. Porter Alexander, after describing Hood's assault, which had been in progress for nearly an hour, states that "McLaws's Division was standing idle, though Barksdale was begging to be allowed to charge, and McLaws was awaiting Longstreet's order. Hood being wounded within the first thirty minutes of the engagement, Brig. Gen. E. M. Law, the ranking brigadier in the division, succeeded to the command. When Law found that his line was so overlapped on his left by the Federal line that it could not advance, placing his two brigades on the defensive on the captured hill, he rode to the left and made a strong appeal to Kershaw for help. This was referred to McLaws, and probably to Longstreet, for the order was given for the advance of Kershaw supported by Semmes." Alexander adds that "by some unaccountable lack of appreciation, Barksdale, Wofford, and all the brigades of Anderson's Division were still left idle spectators of the combat, while Hood's Division was wearing itself out against superior numbers in strong position. Lee seems not to have been near. This was unfortunate, for his whole field of battle had been waiting all day and was still waiting for Longstreet's battle to be developed; and it was being begun in the progressive manner which had been ordered, but with unwise deliberation. Longstreet, of course, is responsible, but every commanding officer takes great risks when he leaves such important movements without supervision. It was especially unfortunate in this case, because advancing Kershaw without advancing Barksdale would expose Kershaw to enfilade by the troops whom Barksdale would easily drive off. Few battle fields can furnish examples of worse tactics."

Kershaw brought his brigade into line along the stone wall, by Flar crty' farm and to the east of Snyder's, and in full view of the Federal position near the Peach Orchard. His

orders were to advance at an agreed signal to be given by Cabell's artillery battalion, which was in position near on his right front. At the firing of the designated signal, the South Carolinians leaped over the stone wall, were promptly aligned, and moved off with great steadiness and precision, followed by Semmes with equal promptness. Longstreet accompanied Kershaw on foot as far as the Emmitsburg road. Because of the obstacles in the way, the field and staff officers were dismounted. When Kershaw reached the Emmitsburg road he heard Barksdale's drums beat the assembly and he knew he would have no immediate support on his left, about to be squarely presented to the heavy force of artillery and infantry at and in rear of the Peach Orchard.

After an unnecessary delay, Barksdale's Brigade advanced directly against the enemy at the Peach Orchard. Wofford inclined somewhat to the right and went to the assistance of Kershaw and Semmes, striking the flank of the Federals opposing them. The enemy was driven back with severe loss and followed across the wheat field and on to the slopes of Little Round Top. Barksdale had made an equal advance on our left, but by this time the reinforcements which Meade was hurrying up from every part of the Federal line began to swarm around the mixed up Confederate brigades. Barksdale and Semmes were mortally wounded, and the Confederate lines were slowly forced back.

Since the publication of my previous sketches describing the assault on Meade's left on July 2, 1863, a sketch on Gettysburg, purporting to have been prepared and read by General McLaws before the Georgia Historical Society, some time in 1878, has come into my possession. McLaws said: "Barksdale, who, I have said, had been exceedingly impatient to advance, and whose enthusiasm was shared in by his command, was standing ready to give the word, not far from me, and as soon as it was signified to me, I sent my aide-de-camp, Capt. G. B. Lamar, Jr., to carry the order to General Barksdale. The result I express in Captain Lamar's words: 'I had witnessed many charges marked in every way by unflinching gallantry—indeed, I had had the honor of participating when in the line of the 1st Georgia Regulars, but I never saw anything to equal the dash and heroism of the Mississippians. You remember how anxious General Barksdale was to attack the enemy, and his eagerness was participated in by all his officers and men, and when I carried him the order to advance his face was radiant with joy. He was in front of his brigade, hat off, and his long, white hair reminded me of the White Plume of Navarre. I saw him as far as the eye could follow, still ahead of his men, leading them on. The result you know. You remember the picket fence in front of the brigade? I was anxious to see how they would get over and around it. When they reached it, the fence disappeared as if by magic, and the slaughter of the red-breeched Zouaves on the other side was terrible.'"

General Alexander, who held the rank of colonel in the Confederate army at the time of the battle of Gettysburg and was in command of the artillery of Longstreet's Corps, said: "The Federal artillery was ready for us and in their full force and good practice. The ground at Cabell's position gave little protection, and he suffered rapidly in both men and horses. To help him, I ran up Huger with eighteen guns of my own twenty-six, to Warfield's house, within five hundred yards of the Peach Orchard, and opened upon it. This made fifty-four guns in action, and I hoped they would crush that part of the enemy's line in a very short time; but the fight was longer and hotter than I expected. So accurate was the enemy's fire that two of my guns were fairly dismounted, and the loss of men was so great that I had to ask General Barks-

dale, whose brigade was lying down in the woods close behind, for help to handle the heavy 24-pounder howitzers of Moody's battery. He gave me permission to call for volunteers, and in a minute I had eight good fellows, of whom, alas! we buried two that night, and sent to the hospital three others mortally or severely wounded. At last I sent for my other two batteries, but before they arrived McLaw's Division charged past our guns, and the enemy deserted their line in confusion. Then I believed that providence was indeed taking the proper view, and that the war was very nearly over. Every battery was limbered to the front, and, the two batteries from the rear coming up, all six charged in line across the plain and went into action again at the position the enemy had deserted. I can recall no more splendid sight, on a small scale—and certainly no more inspiring moment during the war—than that of the charge of these six batteries. An artillerist's heaven is to follow the routed enemy after a tough resistance, and throw shells and canister into his disorganized and fleeing masses. The explosions of the guns sound louder and more powerful, and the very shouts of the gunners, ordering, 'Fire!' in rapid succession, thrill one's very soul. There is no excitement on earth like it. It is far prettier shooting than at a compact narrow line of battle, or at another battery. Now we saw our heaven just in front, and were already breathing the very air of victory. Now we would have our revenge, and make them sorry they had stayed so long. Everything was in a rush. The ground was generally good, and pieces and caissons went in a gallop, some cannoneers were mounted, and some running by the sides—not in regular line, but a general race and scramble to get there first."

A later writer, Jennings Cropper Wise, in his publication designated "The Long Arm of Lee," in his treatise on the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, not being restrained by the modesty, "praise thyself never," draws the following beautiful word picture of the above incident: "As McLaws's Division rushed past the guns at the Warfield house, masking their fire, Alexander ordered all six of his batteries to limber to the front, and charged with them in line across the plain, going into action again at the orchard. Perhaps no more superb feat of artillery drill on the battle field was ever witnessed than this rapid change of position of Alexander's Battalion. For five hundred yards the foaming horses dashed forward, under whip and spur, the guns in perfect alignment, and the carriages fairly bounding over the fields. Every officer and noncommissioned officer rode at his post, and not a team swerved from the line, except those which were struck down by the blizzard of Federal shell. Fortunately, most of the enemy's projectiles overshot the mark, and as the great line of six batteries with over four hundred horses reached the position abandoned by the enemy, 'action front' was executed as if by a single piece. Hardly had the teams wheeled, and the trails of the pieces cleared the pintle hooks, when again a sheet of flame burst from twenty-four guns of Alexander's magnificent battalion. Few artillerymen have experienced the sensation which must have come to Alexander at this moment, for seldom has such a maneuver been executed on the battle field.

"The ground over which the battalion had advanced was generally good, but obstructed in one place by a rail fence. Seeing a body of Federal prisoners being moved to the rear, Dearing had shouted to them to remove the rails in the path of the artillery. 'Never was an order obeyed with more alacrity. Every prisoner seemed to seize a rail, and the fence disappeared as if by magic.' But the joy of the charge was not all. It was the artillerist's heaven to follow the routed enemy after a prolonged duel with his guns, and to hurl shell

and canister into his disorganized and fleeing masses. To Alexander's ears, the reports of his guns sounded louder and more powerful than ever before, and the shouts of his gunners directing the fire in rapid succession thrilled his own and the soul of every witness of the fight with exultant pride.

"There is no excitement on earth like that of galloping at the head of a rapidly advancing line of artillery, with awe-inspiring rumble of the wheels mingling with the clatter of innumerable feet behind. The momentum of the great mass of men, animals, and carriages almost seem to forbid the thought of attempting to check the force which has been set in motion. With his mount bounding along almost as if borne on the breeze of the pursuing storm, the eye of the commander instinctively searches the terrain for his position, while a hundred, perhaps five hundred, human beings and as many dumb warriors, joyfully laboring in the traces, watch his every movement. At last the leader's right arm shoots upward, then outward. No words are necessary, and if spoken would be superfluous. In that dull roar of the on-rushing mass no voice but that of Jove could be heard. The swoop of the fleetest hawk is not more graceful nor more sudden than that which follows. Every man and horse knows his part and must perform it, for mistakes at such a moment are fatal. But, first of all, out of the orderly chaos which ensues, the dark warriors come to rest as if in ominous silence gathering breath with which to shout their defiance, while the attending men and beasts are springing to their posts. The joy of the charge is forgotten. Though every hand and limb is still trembling with the old thrill, a greater joy is now in store for all, for flash! bang! screech—boom—a shell has burst among the flying foe. Small wonder then that Alexander cherished no regret over having declined the command of a brigade of infantry. Surely there was glory enough for any soldier to be found at the head of such a command as he led across the fields and into action and in front of Little Round Top."

Brevet Maj. Henry J. Hunt, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, in "Battles and Leaders": "Bigelow's Ninth Massachusetts (battery) made a stand close to the Trostle house in the corner of the field through which he had retired fighting with prolongs fixed. Although already much cut up, he was directed by McGilvery to hold that point at all hazards until a line of artillery could be formed in front of the wood beyond Plum Run, that is, on what we have called the 'Plum Run Line.' This line was formed by collecting the serviceable batteries, and fragments of batteries that were brought off, with which, and Dow's Maine Battery, fresh from the reserve, pursuit was checked. Finally some twenty-five guns formed a solid mass which, unsupported by infantry, held this part of the line, aided General Humphrey's movements, and covered by its fire the abandoned guns until they could be brought off, as all were, except perhaps one. When, after accomplishing its purpose, all that was left of Bigelow's Battery was withdrawn, it was closely pressed by Colonel Humphrey's 21st Mississippi, the only Confederate regiment which succeeded in crossing the run. His men had entered the battery and fought hand-to-hand with the cannoneers; one was killed while trying to spike a gun, and another knocked down with a handspike while endeavoring to drag off a prisoner. The battery went into action with 104 officers and men. Of the four battery officers, one was killed, another mortally wounded, and a third, Captain Bigelow, severely wounded. Of seven sergeants, two were killed and four were wounded; or a total of twenty-eight men, including two missing; and sixty-five out of eighty-eight horses were killed and wounded."

General Hunt further states: "About 7:15 P.M., the field was in a critical condition—Birney's Division was broken up; Humphrey's was slowly falling back, under cover of McGilvery's guns; Anderson's (Confederate) line was advancing. On its right Barksdale's Brigade, except the 21st Mississippi, was held in check by McGilvery's artillery, to whose support Hancock now brought up Willard's Brigade of the Second Corps. Placing the 39th New York in reserve, Willard, with his other three regiments, charged Barksdale's Brigade and drove it back nearly to the Emmitsburg Road, when he was himself repulsed by a heavy artillery and infantry fire, and fell back to his former position near the sources of Plum Run. In this affair Willard was killed and Barksdale mortally wounded. Meanwhile, the 21st Mississippi crossed the run from the neighborhood of the Trostle house and drove out the men of Watson's Battery (15th United States), on the extreme left of McGilvery's line, but was in turn driven off by the 39th New York, led by Lieutenant Peebles of the battery, musket in hand, who thus recovered his guns, Watson being severely wounded.

"Birney's Division once broken, it was difficult to stem the tide of defeat. Hood's and McLaws's divisions—excepting Barksdale's Brigade—compassed the Devil's Den and its woods, and as the Federal reinforcements from other corps reached the scene by piecemeal, they were beaten in detail until, by successive accretions, they greatly outnumbered their opponents, who had all the advantage of position, when the latter in turn retired, but were not pursued. This fighting was confined almost wholly to the woods and wheat field between the Peach Orchard and Little Round Top, and the great number of brigade and regimental commanders, as well as inferior officers and soldiers killed and wounded on both sides, bears testimony to its close and desperate character. General Meade was on the ground active in bringing up and putting in reinforcements, and in doing so had his horse shot under him."

The splendid courage displayed by Hood's and McLaws's divisions is shown by General Hunt's description of conditions that existed on the field at 7:15 P.M. Previously these two divisions had met and vanquished many times their own number, nor were these brave soldiers stopped until they were overwhelmed by continuous accretions of fresh troops from the enemy's ranks. A historian writes: "In fighting the battle of the 2nd (of July), the Confederates engaged but fifty regiments on their right, while Meade found it necessary to employ one hundred and ninety-seven of his infantry regiments in order to resume and hold his true position intact on his left alone." It thus appears that while Lee engaged but one-half his regiments, Meade was forced, by neglect of his left, to put into action nearly seven-eighths of his, many of which were fearfully decimated."

Maj. Gen. Abner Doubleday, whose division, with Robinson's, both of the First Corps, was rushed to the relief of the defeated troops of the Third Corps, mentions that on the 3rd of July, the rebel general, Barksdale, died. "He was brought into my lines by my acting Inspector General, Lieut. Col. C. E. Livingston. His dying speech and last messages for family, together with the valuables about his person, were entrusted by him to Lieutenant Colonel Livingston."

We can fully appreciate his tender messages to his loved ones far away, and have no desire to pry into these sacred family matters. But if that speech carried anything disconnected with the family messages it would be a matter of interest to know its character from such a source, after his display of such matchless courage in behalf of the cause he had espoused.

"LABOR—SACRIFICE."

(With the device of a bullock, from the seal of a Southern gentleman, Rt. Rev. Stephen Elliott, Bishop of Georgia.)

That cream was of the kindest strain
That meadow ever drew
From sunlight and the summer rain,
From darkness and the dew!
That left no stain in yonder vein
But Heaven's—the sapphire blue.
That gentleman, we knew,
So gentle and so true;
A knight whose signet bore
A "Bullock" and no more;
A quaint device, by Sacrifice
And Labor won of yore!

And matchless sweet the golden wheat
That met and molded him,
A man complete from head to feet
In grace and soul and limb;
That lent his gaze the lion's blaze,
His smile—who smiles like him?
Ah! tremulous and dim,
Through tears we think of him,
The knight whose signet bore
That quaint device of "Sacrifice"
And "Labor," and no more.

Upon no statelier sight
The circling sun hath smiled,
Nor oak of loftier height
Dropped shade so sweet and mild;
Where love came down like light,
And happiness grew wild!
The sage, the little child,
Peasant and prince have smiled
Around his knees who bore
The Bullock, quaint device
Of Toil and Sacrifice,
Which all his fathers wore,
Which he shall wear no more.

For he is dead! Beneath the tread
Of battle, in the roar
That rent the sod, his face to God
He went, and came no more!
The fragrance of the path he trod
In sacrifice is o'er.

Yet all the kindest rays
Of all the knightliest days
Kindled forevermore
Around the cross he bore;
Around the quaint device
Of Toil and Sacrifice
That our great Bishop wore.

—Frank O. Ticknor.

STATE RIGHTS.—On March 28, 1735, Charles Pinckney offered resolutions that the Assembly of South Carolina had the same right to pass laws taxing the people of South Carolina as the House of Commons had to pass laws taxing the English.—*Dixie Book of Days*.

MY OLD BLACK MAMMY.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

I have long thought that I would make record of the character and virtues of the negroes before and during the war. Should I leave the task undone, or, rather, did I fail to bear testimony to the fidelity of the negroes to their masters' families at all times, and especially during those dreadful days of the war, I would not fulfill an obligation I owe to a loyal and devoted people.

My own experience and that of my father and family and friends was so closely associated with the negroes, and those experiences were so satisfactory and pleasant, I feel impelled by every sense of duty, appreciation, and love for my dear old black mammy, as well as for many of the other negroes, old and young, to record such facts as I can.

I think it is but simple justice, because I do not believe that any people at any time ever proved themselves more loyal than the negroes did under the temptations that beset and tried them. I do not intend to say that all of the negroes were good, but in most cases where they were unfaithful they were incited by evil-disposed, envious, intermeddling incendiaries from the Northern States. There was a natural desire, too, upon the part of the more intelligent negroes to throw off the yoke of slavery and be free; but, as a rule, the negroes were loyal to their masters' families, and respected and loved them. The masters were, as a rule, considerate and just to their slaves, and no stronger proof could be desired than was afforded by the conduct of the slaves generally during the war.

For months at a time there were numerous families of women and children wholly dependent on the negroes for support and protection. Those women and children were cut off from their male relatives and friends, and yet, from the beginning to the end of the war, no such thing as an insurrectionary movement was known or heard of, nor the use of any incendiary language whatever charged, reported, or hinted against the negroes. As a matter of fact, the commands of the smallest child in the master's family were obeyed without a murmur.

True, a number of them left or were carried or enticed away, and many who went enlisted in the Federal army; but, on the other hand, a large majority of them remained at home and actually hid themselves and the stock of their masters whenever they heard the cry: "Yankees coming!" This is positively true; I could cite numerous instances and names were it necessary.

Not only did a large majority of the negroes remain at their homes, but they took care of the property and families of their masters, raised crops, and did all other customary and necessary work just as they had before the war, when owners and overseers watched over them. I personally know instances where the negro men alternately slept on the gallery or before the door of their master's home in order to protect the family against all harm.

These are facts that flatly contradict and give the lie direct to the oft-repeated assertions of the Abolitionists (slanders on the negroes) that the negroes hated the whites of the South and only worked for and obeyed them because they were compelled to do so. These are facts, and no matter what may be the outcome of the developments of the future, as a race the negroes, by their conduct and their fidelity in times and under circumstances that might well have, and did, put their allegiance and fidelity to the severest test, earned and entitled themselves to the kind consideration, the friendship, and love of our people.

True, after the war had ended and they became free, their

ignorance was imposed upon and many of them allowed themselves to be duped and misled into a feeling of distrust and a course of antagonism to their former owners and the people of the South generally, which came very near causing a rupture that might have resulted in the destruction of all confidence, the severance of all ties, and creating a permanent animosity between them.

I do not envy the men, or fiends, who could take advantage of the ignorant negroes and turn them against the white people and expose them to the possible dangers and evils of a bloody race conflict. The infamies practiced by the carpet-baggers engendered the feeling of hatred in the negro's breast, and I firmly believe that but for this we would not have felt the horrors of the so-called "Reconstruction," and that we would have no negro question now. I do not believe that the effect those teachings had on the negro then will ever be eradicated from the present or future generations; but whatever the future may develop, we must remember the loyalty of our good slaves.

I cannot better explain or illustrate this than by repeating a conversation I had with a distinguished citizen and gentleman, Dr. W. S. Christian, of Urbanna, Va., some years ago. Dr. Christian was colonel of the 55th Virginia Infantry, and was captured after the battle of Gettysburg, while the army was crossing Falling Waters, and sent to Johnson's Island, where the officers from Port Hudson were also imprisoned. Said the "Doctor Colonel": My recollection is that there were thirteen negroes who spent the dreadful winter of 1863-64 with us at Johnson's Island, and not one of them deserted or accepted freedom, though it was urged upon them time and again.

"You remember that Port Hudson was compelled to surrender after Vicksburg had fallen. The officers were notified they would not be paroled as those at Vicksburg had been. They were told, however, they could retain their personal property. Some of the officers claimed their negro servants as personal property and took them along to prison with them. Arriving at Johnson's Island the Federal authorities assured the negroes they were free as their masters had been, and were not prisoners of war; that they would give them no rations and no rights as prisoners of war if they went in the prison; but they all elected to go in, and declared to the Yankees they would stick to their young masters to the end of time if they starved to death by doing so. Those Confederate officers, of course, shared their rations and everything else with their servants.

"When we went in prison in August, 1863, there was a sutler's shanty in the grounds where those who had money could purchase what they wanted to eat. Most of the Port Hudson men had money, and for a time they and their negroes fared well, until late in the fall, when the Yankees shut down on us. They had failed to influence the negroes and decided to confine us strictly to prison rations, which were very scant. It was then that the devotion and fidelity of the negroes was put to a test; but without exception, master and servant clung together in heroic sacrifice, and no more wonderful, magnetic tie ever existed than that between those Confederate officers and their slaves.

"One of those gentlemen was my intimate friend and companion and roommate, Col. I. G. W. Steadman, of Alabama. I do not recall his regiment. His brother, a lieutenant, was also a prisoner there. Colonel Steadman's negro was named 'George.' He waited on us and was untiring in his efforts to do everything in his power for our comfort. Frequently, to my knowledge, George was sent for to go before the commanding officer outside. He often said, 'We have seen the last of,

George,' but at night George would be escorted back by a guard. I asked George what they said to him. He told us that 'Mister Pearson' (the Yankee major in command of the prison) would tell him he was a free man, that he had but to say the word and he would be taken out and given work at two dollars a day, and good clothes to wear, and could go and live anywhere he wanted; told him he was a fool, that his master would never be exchanged or get out of prison; that if he stayed with the rebel officers he would starve in prison. He said 'Mr. Pearson' told him all this and more. I then asked George what he said in reply, and what George said was this: 'Sir, what you want me to do is to desert. I ain't no deserter, and down South, sir, where we live, deserters always disgrace their families. I've got a family down home, sir, and if I do what you tell me, I will be a deserter and disgrace my family, and I am never going to do that.' 'What did Pearson say?' I asked. "'Get out of here, you d— fool nigger, and rot in prison.'" And now, master, here I am, and I am going to stay here as long as you stays, if I starve and rot.'

"The officers captured at Port Hudson were from Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, I think. There were thirteen negroes, all of whom remained faithful to the end, and although we had barely enough to eat to keep us alive, we divided equally with our servants. I am glad to be able to record the name of 'Pen,' who was one of the faithful servants among the thirteen. He belonged to Lieutenant Coleman, of Roberts's Mississippi Battery; also 'Dave Jackson,' who belonged to James W. Maddox, of Abbey's Battery. Dave Jackson and Pen, like George, refused numerous offers from the Yankees, and returned home with their masters. I have information also of a most devoted servant who belonged to the Schnexnayders of St. James Parish, La. (who were members of Watson's Battery). This negro, Henry, stated to the Yankees at the surrender of Port Hudson: 'I love my white folks above the freedom you talk about, and if I am ever free, it's got to come from them.'"

Dr. Christian was unable to remember the name of the officers from Port Hudson, which is to be regretted, but I submit that no stronger proof of the loyalty of the negroes is needed than is given in the history of the Johnson's Island prisoners.

The first two years of the war I was a member of Company C, 18th Mississippi Regiment, "Griffith's-Barksdale's-Humphrey's Brigade," McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. In the company I belonged to was a gallant fellow, Kit Gilmer, who was badly wounded at Sharpsburg. Our wounded were placed in a large barn near the battle field. When the army recrossed the Potomac River, on Friday, September 19, 1862, I ran into the barn as we passed by to see my wounded friends. I bade Kit Gilmer and others good-by, believing I would never see them again.

After remaining a day or two at Shepherdstown, we fell back to Winchester, Va., and among the first to greet us when we reached there was "Ike," Kit Gilmer's nigger, who said "Mars Kit is in dat house. I ain't gwine let dem Yankees git Marse Kit." Ike appropriated a horse belonging to the old farmer, placed Kit on him and, mounting behind, carried him to safety. Both Kit and faithful Ike passed away many years ago.

My grandmother left me, in her will, a negro boy, "Jim," and stipulated that she wanted him to be my playfellow and not to work. Jim was two years older than I, and I was my black mammy's oldest child. We were boon companions as boys. While playing near a pond one day (I was about nine years old), I said to Jim: "Let's go in the watermelon patch."

Jim always assented to any proposition I made. We plugged two or three melons and finally found one turning red, which we carried into the bushes and ate, reaching the house just as my father rode up from a round of the plantation. He greeted me affectionately, and said: "Jim, tell Tom to take my horse to the barn." Then he discovered a melon seed in the folds of my jacket. With a frown he asked: "Where did that melon seed come from?" Jim heard the question and, running quickly to my father, said: "Master, I put that watermelon seed on Bud." "Well," my father said, "I shall whip you for telling me a lie and whip Bud for allowing you to do so," so he warmed our jackets well. As soon as the clouds had passed, Jim and I were the same happy chums, but Jim was curious to know how master found out he told a lie. Oftentimes, as a child, when I felt that an injustice had been done me, my black mammy would take me in her arms to her house, and many times I have sobbed myself to sleep with my head on her dear old fat shoulder. I wish she could know how I now appreciate her devotion to me and how I love and revere her memory. It would be such a delight to be able to tell her. She died soon after the war. She was a type. There were others, of course, and all of them were loved and respected by their master's children. I remember a circumstance of Capt. Sam Henderson and his servant, "Henry," Captain Henderson commanded the Scouts so valuable to General Forrest. While he was in camp on one occasion, near Byhalia, Miss., with some twenty of his men, suddenly and unexpectedly they were surrounded by a regiment of the enemy, and all were captured except Captain Henderson, who escaped on foot. The men were taken to Germantown, Tenn., not far distant, and confined in a vacant house. During the night Henry slipped out with both of his master's horses and the following day rode into our camp.

Another instance, among thousands, occurred in Bedford County, Va. Judge Micajah Davis, an honored citizen of the county, was collector of revenue by appointment of President Jefferson Davis (they were not related). Judge Davis, like all his extensive family, was an ardent Confederate. When "Hyena" Hunter, the Yankee general, began his march of devastation down the valley, it was necessary for Judge Davis to keep out of his way and preserve his records. After making necessary preparations for departure, he called one of his faithful servants, and said: "Billy, I am obliged to leave home before the Yankees get here. I am sorry to go, but I shall leave everything in your charge, with confidence that you will do the best you can. There are some valuables in the house which your mistress will give you to hide. Do what you think is best with them, but be sure the Yankees do not find them."

When Judge Davis returned after Hunter had been hurled back by Early, he found everything safe, due to Uncle Billy's diplomacy with the Yankees. The Judge said: "Billy, I think we may safely bring the silver back now." "Well," said Uncle Billy, "come with me, master, and we will measure for it." A short distance from the house Uncle Billy halted by a tree, to which he tied a line and asked his master to hold the other end at a certain point, then, fastening another line to a sapling, he stretched it across the one held by the Judge. "Right there, master, where the line crosses," and soon Uncle Billy had removed the sod and brought forth the big box.

The first memorial to the good old negroes was erected at Fort Mill, S. C., by Capt. Samuel E. White. It is a beautiful shaft, and stands near the Confederate monument in Fort Mill. It was erected in memory of and in gratitude to those faithful slaves who kept the trust laid upon them to guard the homes, the property, and the honor of their masters who were

serving in the field. Captain White was a gallant Confederate officer and a distinguished citizen. He also erected the first monument to Southern women. There is another monument in Canton, Miss., erected to the faithful old negroes by William H. Howcott, of New Orleans.

When I recall how the negroes conducted themselves before and during the war, and how faithful they were, my earnest hope is that the present and coming generations of negroes will yet try to emulate them and to regain the confidence of the white people. It is said that man improves from generation to generation. The negro's progress has scarcely borne out the promise of the days of mutual interest, when the white master felt his responsibility and was fast Christianizing his trusted servants in spirit as well as in name. Schools and other civilizing influences cannot overcome the selfishness and suspicion planted in the soul that would have been saved if the South had been left alone.

Love and freedom should go hand in hand. These few stories reveal a negro unknown to-day, a negro whom fanaticism robbed of the kindest masters the world has had; a negro who found sweet content in the sunshine of God and human nature; a negro who cherished the home of which he knew himself a welcome part until worthy of his own; a negro whose heartstrings vibrated to the music of duty and devotion. A tear and a tribute to his memory, for he is lost to us. Only out of the shadows comes the old refrain—

"Old Missus, she feel mighty sad,
And de tears run down like de rain;
And old Massa he feel very bad,
Case he never see old Ned again."

A FAMOUS LETTER.

[The story, by Thomas J. Arnold, of Hunter as Lincoln's agent, published in the November VETERAN, is a wonderful paper. Few people beyond Virginia have any adequate idea of that monster, Hunter. I have always classed him as a member of the feline species. The hyena of Asia and of Africa has been described as nocturnal and cowardly, feeding mainly on carrion, and even digging up graves, though it also hunts living prey. I am sending you copy of a letter written by Mrs. Edmund I. Lee, of Virginia, to General Hunter on July 20, 1864. Her husband was a cousin of Gen. Robert E. Lee. You will note she refers to Hunter as "hyenalike."]

I have preserved the letter for more than fifty years, not only as a part of the history of the country, but because it is a classic. If there is anything superior to it as a rebuke or as a pattern of rhetoric, I have never seen it. It substantiates Mr. Arnold's paper.—*James Dinkins, New Orleans.*]

SHEPHERDSTOWN, VA., July 20, 1864.

General Hunter: Yesterday your underling, Capt. Martindale, of the 1st New York Veteran Cavalry, executed your infamous order and burned my house. You have had the satisfaction ere this of receiving from him the information that your orders were fulfilled to the letter—the dwelling and every outbuilding, seven in number, with their contents, being burned. I, therefore, a helpless woman whom you have cruelly wronged, address you, a major general of the United States army, and demand why this was done? What was my offense?

My husband was absent, an exile. He has never been a politician, or in any way engaged in the struggle now going on, his age preventing. This fact David Strother, your chief

of staff, could have told you. The house was built by my father, a revolutionary soldier, who served the whole seven years for your independence. There I was born, there the sacred dead repose; it was my house and my home, and there your niece, who has lived among us through all this horrid war up to the present moment, met with all kindness and hospitality at my hands.

Was it for this that you turned me, my young daughter and little son out upon the world without a shelter? Or was it because my husband is the grandson of the revolutionary patriot and rebel, Richard Henry Lee, and the near kinsman of the noblest of Christian warriors, the greatest of generals, Robert E. Lee? Heaven's blessings be upon his head forever!

You and your government have failed to conquer, subdue, or match him; and disappointed rage and malice find vent upon the helpless and inoffensive.

Hyenalike, you have torn my heart to pieces; for all hal-lowed memories clustered around that homestead, and, demonlike, you have done it without even the pretext of revenge, for I never saw or harmed you. Your office is not to lead, like a brave man and soldier, your men to fight in the ranks of war, but your work has been to separate yourself from all danger; and, with your incendiary band, steal un-awares upon helpless women and children, to insult and destroy. Two fair homes did you yesterday ruthlessly lay in ashes, giving not a moment's warning to the startled inmates of your wicked purpose; turning mothers and children out of doors; your very name execrated by your own men for the cruel work you gave them to do.

In the case of Mr. A. R. Boteler, both father and mother were far away. Any heart but that of Captain Martindale (and yours) would have been touched by that little circle, comprising a widowed daughter, just risen from her bed of illness, her little fatherless babes—the oldest not five years old—and her heroic sister. I repeat, any man would have been touched at that sight. But Captain Martindale—one might as well hope to find mercy in the heart of a wolf, bent on its prey to young lambs, as to search for such qualities in his bosom. You have chosen well your man for such deeds; doubtless you will promote him.

A colonel of the Federal army has stated that you deprived forty of your officers of their commands because they refused to carry out your malignant mischief. All honor to their names for this, at least. They are men; they have human hearts and blush for such a commander.

I ask who that does not wish infamy and disgrace attached to him forever would serve under you? Your name will stand on history's page as the hunter of weak women and innocent children; the hunter to destroy defenseless villages and refined and beautiful homes; to torture afresh the agonized hearts of suffering widows; the hunter of Africa's poor sons and daughters to lure them on to ruin and death of soul and body; the hunter with the relentless heart of a wild beast, the face of a fiend, and the form—of a man. O, earth, behold the monster!

Can I say, "God forgive you?" No prayer can be offered for you. Were it possible for human lips to raise your name heavenward, angels would thrust the foul thing back again and demons claim their own. The curses of thousands, the scorn of the manly and upright, and the hatred of the true and honorable will follow you and yours through all time and brand your name, "Infamy! Infamy!"

Again I demand, why have you burned my house? Answer as you must answer before the searcher of all hearts; why have you added this cruel, wicked deed to your many crimes?

IN THE TRENCHES AT PETERSBURG.

A copy of the VETERAN for November was sent to Col. James Anderson, of Springfield Mass., who was in the Federal tunnels at Petersburg and he writes as follows:

"I served in the trenches on the Union side during most of the time during the siege of Petersburg, Va., much of the time from Fort Davis up to and in front of Fort Hell (Sedgewick) out on the picket line. I had ample opportunity to study the situation in our immediate front facing Reeves Salient and soon learned that the 'Johnnys' were relieving pickets through a tunnel coming out where they had a two-gun battery on their line in order to avoid our sharpshooters, and the emplacement for that battery is to be seen there to this day, for I stood in it no longer ago than last May, when, as United States Battle Field Commissioner, I assisted in surveying all the forts and battle field around Petersburg.

"I have told the owners of that property that if they continue the excavations in the direction of the Confederate picket line, they will come out at the very spot where the two-gun battery was located, and, I think, eventually this will be done. As to the lateral, or branching, tunnels, I can't say with any degree of certainty, but from some sinister remarks made by prisoners captured in that vicinity, as well as sly remarks from a Johnny I traded coffee for tobacco (though I never used tobacco) one night, I am strongly of the opinion that, having the 'Crater' explosion in mind, the Johnnys had that field mined in order to blow us up if we made a charge across that open field.

"We had a tunnel starting in the moat of Fort Hell, running out to our picket line, for the purpose of getting our pickets out and in safely. Naturally you'll ask why were they not exchanged in the daytime. Bless your heart, *both sides* were firing like *hell all night long*; ask any soldier on either side and he'll tell you the same thing. It was of common occurrence to carry men back either to Fort Hell or Fort Davis who had been shot on the picket line during the night.

"If I had the ability to write, I would fill a book with recollections of that siege. From a sense of duty, I left my books when nearly sixteen to go into the army, and never got back to them, hence flow these tears.

"You'll be interested to learn that I am an honorary member of A. P. Hill Camp, C. V. of Petersburg, Va., and for twenty-eight years I have not missed *one* banquet on January 19 when A. P. Hill Camp celebrates General Lee's birthday; and *I own the city while I am there*. They would give it to me if I could carry it home with me. Some few years ago I had about a hundred of the boys in gray up here to help celebrate the 4th of July. Did they have a glorious good time? Ask some of them."

W. A. Day, of Sherrill's Ford, N. C., has this to say of the Confederate tunnels:

"I was a private soldier, twenty years of age, in Company I, 49th North Carolina Regiment, Ransom's Brigade, and was in the siege of Petersburg two hundred and seventy days. It was known among the soldiers that the Federals were mining under our works, and it created an uneasy feeling among the men, for we did not know what moment we might be blown up into the air. After the battle of the Crater, when the mine was sprung on the morning of July 30, 1864 (an account of the part the 49th North Carolina regiment had in that battle can be found in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of May, 1921, page 174), General Lee set the engineers to work in the places where the Federals would be most likely to mine, laying off the tunnels, measuring the distance so the miners could tell when they were up under our own works; but

I don't think any of them were ever finished. They started them back in the hillsides in rear of the works and drove them through nearly on a level, using picks and shovels and rolling the dirt out in wheelbarrows. They were about seven feet high and four feet wide. The timber men followed the miners closely, bracing up the sides and top with heavy timber and planks. It was supposed that if the Federals fired any more mines, they would blow out through our tunnels.

"In the great battle of Petersburg on the 18th of June, 1864, when the Federals charged our lines from one end to the other, Ransom's North Carolina Brigade held the line on the right of the point where the Crater mine was afterwards sprung. After the Crater battles, we were never on that part of the line again during the siege, but were moved about from one point to another in the works between the Crater and the river, therefore, I know nothing about the tunnels out on that part of the line.

"On our part of the line we had no tunnels for the troops to pass through, but we had what was known as covered ways. They were deep ditches, about six feet wide, with the dirt thrown out on each side. Through these covered ways the troops could pass in safety. One of them cut across a corner of Blandford Cemetery, and a number of old coffins and bones were thrown out. One of them extended from the works at what was known as Colquitt's Salient, opposite Fort Steadman, or Fort Hell, as it was known among the soldiers as far back as the iron bridge on the City Point Railroad. In the most dangerous places we had small tunnels under the works for the pickets to pass through. In some places along the line we bored six-inch auger holes, some of them forty feet deep, searching for Yankee mines. Permanent details were made to dig the tunnels, one of the 49th men was boss of one of the tunnels. I never worked in any of them, but used to go in and watch the men work."

IN THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.—A friend writes that W. H. Perry, of Eagle Pass, Tex., who served with the 17th North Carolina Regiment, is one of those who survived the harrowing experiences of the siege of Petersburg, Va. He remembers the tunnels there, and says the Confederates could hear the Federals digging in their tunnels, but could not locate the place. Comrade Perry is the only survivor of his company; he has been a resident of Eagle Pass for some forty years and is still an active worker, having recently painted a roof, his occupation being that of painter.

ON THE CUMBERLAND RAID.—Judge Daniel Grinnan, of Richmond, Va., writes that when he read the account of the capture of Generals Crook and Kelley, as given in the VETERAN for November, and saw that on the retreat of that little force that Joseph Sherrard had been captured, "I felt sure that it was my old and dear friend, Rev. Joseph L. Sherrard, of Crozet, Va., so I wrote to him to confirm my confident supposition. Some days ago he came to see me and to report, 'Yes, I am the man!' Rev. Mr. Duffey is his cousin, and he put the capture in his story. Sherrard stopped to take up behind him another soldier whose horse had broken down, and the weight of the two men on Sherrard's horse made their progress so slow that the Yankees caught him. Mr. Sherrard came from Hardy County (now West Virginia), and is as fine an old gentleman as one ever sees; is now eighty years old, but he walks well and his mind is as clear as it ever was. Says he will write up some war stories for the VETERAN. He was on the Romney campaign with Stonewall Jackson and nearly froze to death."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"ASSEMBLY."

JOHN T. LUTON, OF FORREST'S CAVALRY.

DIED NOVEMBER 25, AGED 90 YEARS.

"John T. Luton!" And, always clear,
At roll call came the answer, "Here!"
A skirmish, a raid, the stream out of banks—
A mad, dashing charge to roll back the Yanks—
Four years John T. Luton was one of the ranks.
"Volunteers! Three men will do."
And John was one, or maybe, two
What matter the living were less than the dead?
"To hell with the Yanks!" So Forrest's men said—
Defeat mighty seldom where old Forrest led!
"Shells are low, I just got four!"
"Don't worry, lads, we'll soon have more"—
Rifles and blankets, and bridles and bits—
A feint, then a charge, and the white flag cries quits—
"A brand new brogan, boys—and see how she fits!"
"Boots and Saddles!" "Forward again!"
Gaunt, limping chargers, gray ghosts of men.
Four years Forrest led them, a daredevil band,
The tales of their prowess the boast of their land;
'Till the God of all battles bade his sons to disband.
"John T. Luton!" The call was clear—
And, as of yore, he answered: "Here!"
The thing men call death is a soldier's reprieve—
And you, his proud kindred, where is cause to grieve?
For once more John's with Forrest, thank God, ne'er to leave.

What treasure, think you, would buy that little bronze cross and that faded uniform of gray with the brave cavalry stripe and the tasseled hat cord of Forrest's Cavalry? What a heritage he left his sons, this record of his devotion to the cause he loved so well. And—how happy must that old soldier be—once more among those dashing lads of his old troop. Would that we might witness that reunion over yonder in that mystic land of shadows, across the shining river, where Lee and Gordon and Stuart and Jackson and all that host are tenting to-night. And how happy must be the meeting when another one of the boys in gray crosses that shining river, and, standing at attention, answers, clear and proud: "Here I am, comrades dear!"—*Millard Crowds, in Nashville Tennessean*

AMOS SPONAUGLE.

From Franklin, W. Va., comes report of the death of the oldest citizen of Pendleton County, Amos Sponaugle, who had reached his ninety-ninth year. He served in the Confederate army as a member of Company C, 62nd Virginia Infantry. Although totally blind for years, he was still alert of mind.

COL. WILLIAM S. KEILEY.

At a meeting of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, held at headquarters on the 24th of September, 1925, the following resolution was offered by Comrade Clarence R. Hatton, Commander Emeritus, and unanimously adopted:

The officers and members of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York learn with profound sorrow of the great loss they have suffered in the passing from this life of our comrade and coworker, Col. William S. Keiley, on May 9, 1925, who served with Martin's Virginia Battery in the War between the States.

Nothing which can be said or recorded will be adequate, since his life of unselfish, loyal service is and will be his everlasting monument.

He was an earnest, zealous worker for the best interests of the Camp and the perpetuation of the principles and the cause for which he, with others of our Southland, was willing to make the great sacrifice.

His war record and life found expression in simple, quiet, faithful service and devotion to high principles.

Our Camp has suffered a great loss. His presence will be missed. His memory will be cherished. We extend to his bereaved family our deepest sympathy.

CLARENCE R. HATTON, *Commander*;
PRESTON B. HANDY, *Adjutant*.

JOHN Q. DICKINSON.

At the advanced age of ninety-four years, John Quincey Dickinson, one of the most prominent citizens of Charleston, W. Va., died at his home there on November 26, 1925. During his lifetime he had been a farmer, salt maker, and a Confederate soldier in the Kanawha Valley. He was largely interested in the Kanawha Valley Bank and was an extensive landowner.

If one man could be singled out as having done more than any other individual for the industrial development of the Kanawha Valley, that man undoubtedly would be John Q. Dickinson, whose name was connected with more of the important enterprises of the counties centering around West Virginia's capital city than any other.

John Q. Dickinson was born in Bedford County, Va., the son of William and Margaret Gray Dickinson, November 20, 1831, and grew to manhood on his father's plantation, where he shared the responsibilities of its management. He enlisted early in the War between the States, becoming a member of Company A, 2nd Virginia Cavalry, of which his brother, Henry Clay Dickinson, was captain.

In 1876, he helped to establish the Kanawha Valley Bank, of which he became president in 1884, continuing in that office up to his death. Under his presidency it became the largest and financially strongest of Charleston's banking institutions.

He was also a large landowner in Raleigh County and held large tracts in several districts. Until recently he was in excellent health for a man of his age. He is survived by a long line of descendants, and his friends are numerous all over the country.

JAMES S. TRUMBO.

James S. Trumbo, one of the oldest residents of Pendleton County, W. Va., and who died there early in November, was one of the few survivors of the War between the States there who served with Company K, 62nd Virginia Regiment, under the command of Gen. John D. Imboden. He was eighty-three years of age, and had spent his entire life in that section.

Surviving him are his wife, who was Miss Anna Shaw, three sons, and four daughters. Funeral services were conducted

from the home, with interment in the family burial ground on the home farm, on which he had spent his entire life.

DAVID C. NANCE.

David C. Nance, a resident of Texas for seventy-three years, died at his home at DeSoto in Dallas County, in his eighty-third year.

He is survived by his wife, a daughter, and three sons; also by two sisters and two brothers.

David Nance was born in Cass County, Ill., on February 2, 1843, going to Texas with his parents in 1852. In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate Cavalry under Col. W. H. Parsons. During his service in the Confederate army he took part in thirty engagements and received five wounds.

Returning to his home at the close of the war, in 1868 to 1870 he attended Carlton College at Bonham. In 1870 he was married to Miss Sallie M. Hackley, of Bonham. For some years he taught school, buying a farm near Bonham in the meantime. In 1889 he returned to Dallas County and bought the place which his father had settled on when he first went to Texas. He also operated a general store at DeSoto for some years and engaged in various other business enterprises.

During his war service, Comrade Nance had many narrow escapes. In the first battle in which he participated, Cache River, or Cotton Plant, on July 7, 1862, he was one of four men left alive of an advance guard which began the battle. But he had been shot three times and was given up as mortally wounded by those who saw him on the battle field. In the same year, after his recovery, he went to Waxahachie to assist in the manufacture of gunpowder. An explosion occurred in the mill and he was the only one left alive. After recovering from his injuries, he took part in the series of engagements along the Red River known as the "Banks Campaign of 1864," and in the last battle of that series, Yellow Bayou, he was wounded twice.

His rifle was shot to pieces in his hands. Of the 1,160 men of his regiment which had started in the war, but 200 were present in this battle, and ninety-six of those were lost in that fight.

His three sons and three grandsons were his pallbearers, and interment was in the Rankins Cemetery, near Lancaster.

REV. T. H. KILPATRICK.

Rev. Thomas Henry Kilpatrick, aged eighty-one years, died in Rockdale, Tex., after an illness of some weeks. He was a pioneer Baptist minister in this section and had preached the gospel for over fifty years, coming to Texas in 1870 from Alabama, where he was born in Henry County in 1845. He was a brave Confederate soldier, enlisting at Montgomery, Ala., in June, 1863, when only 18 years of age, in the 6th Alabama Cavalry, under Brigadier General Clanton, and Colonel Colquitt.

Mr. Kilpatrick fought in the campaign of Dalton to Atlanta, Ga. He was also in the battle of Iuka, Miss., and at Powder Springs, where he was slightly wounded three times. He was honorably discharged at the close of hostilities at Montgomery, Ala., in 1865.

Rev. T. H. Kilpatrick was chaplain of Camp Sam Davis, No. 1169 U. C. V., of Rockdale and never missed a meeting when able to attend. He was the camp delegate to the Confederate reunion at Dallas in May, and greatly enjoyed the meeting.

He is survived by two sons and two daughters. His body was taken to Somerville and laid beside his wife, who died

twelve years ago. The Confederate flag was placed above his grave by the U. D. C. Chapter of Rockdale.

[Mrs. Annie Grace Drake, Adjutant Camp Sam Davis, U. C. V.]

TAZEWELL WORLEY.

Tazewell Worley, aged eighty-four years, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. G. W. Upton, of Beckley, W. Va., after an illness of several months.

He was born in Franklin County, Va., in 1842. Soon after the close of the War between the States, in which he served as a Confederate soldier, he went to Summers County and was there married to Miss Martha Lilly, daughter of the late John and Nancy Lilly. To this union twelve children were born, eight of whom survive him.

In later years, Worley and family moved to a place known as Worley's Mill, where he operated a grist mill for eighteen years. Previous to that time he owned a farm not far from where the old mill stood. In later years his home had been with his children in various localities.

Comrade Worley was a consistent member of the Christian Church and was a man who numbered his friends by the score, his genial, kind-hearted manner always winning those with whom he came in contact. He is survived by four sons and three daughters, also by thirty-eight grandchildren and thirty great-grandchildren.

SILAS BROWN MCCLUNG.

After ninety-three years of splendid citizenship, Silas B. McClung died at his home in Pendleton County, W. Va., on November 8, 1925. He was born at Clover Creek, Bath (now Highland) County, Va., October 5, 1832, the son of William and Rachel Gwin McClung. His maternal grandfather was Capt. David Gwin, a Revolutionary soldier under General Nelson, and was in the final battle when Cornwallis surrendered. Silas B. McClung was one of ten children, and his boyhood days were spent on the home farm. He made many trips to Pennsylvania with cattle, and he was on his last trip to York, Pa., in December, 1860, when he learned that South Carolina had seceded.

Early in 1862, he joined the Confederate army at Camp Alleghany, and became a member of Company C, 14th Virginia Cavalry. He participated in many of the major engagements of the war, one of which was Gettysburg. His brother, Louis M. McClung, was also in that battle, and later at Winchester lost a leg. Silas McClung went through the war unscathed, though he had two horses shot under him, and he was in the last line of battle formed by the Army of Northern Virginia, surrendering with General Lee at Appomattox.

Returning home after the war, he was in the stock business for several years, then purchased the farm which was his home till death. In 1868 he was married to Miss Nancy Lemon, of Botetourt County, Va., and of their six children three sons and two daughters survive him, with thirteen grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Confederate comrades were his guard of honor to the grave, and he was laid to rest under the Confederate colors so dear to his heart always.

He was a lifelong member of the Presbyterian Church, a ruling elder therein, and the son and grandson of elders of that Church. His exemplary life, his contribution to the events which made history in this country, and the impress that he made upon those with whom he came in contact form the greatest eulogy that could be pronounced upon his long and useful life.

GEORGE M. EASTERWOOD.

George M. Easterwood, pioneer resident of Conway, Ark., died at his home there on November 14, following a lingering illness, aged eighty-five years.

He was born in Lyons County, Ala., February 11, 1840. While he was a small boy his parents moved to Pontotoc, Miss., and it was there that he enlisted in the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war, joining the 2nd Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Colonel Stone, which became a part of the Army of Northern Virginia. With that regiment he participated in seventeen of the major engagements of the war, besides numerous minor battles and skirmishes. He was wounded in action several times, twice severely, one at Shiloh nearly causing his death; and he was on many occasions commended for bravery under fire.

At the close of the war, Comrade Easterwood returned to his home and in 1866 married Miss Mattie McCraw. In December, 1875, they moved to Conway, where, after farming for a few years, he began a career of practically forty years as a public officer, holding the positions of constable, deputy sheriff, and justice of the peace.

Besides his wife, he is survived by one son, a daughter, and seven grandchildren.

Judge Easterwood was a member of the Baptist Church for sixty-seven years, having joined at the age of seventeen. He was the very embodiment of honesty and integrity. Comrades of Conway Camp, U. C. V., attended his funeral as honorary pallbearers and to his resting place in Oak Grove Cemetery.

MEMORIAL REPORT OF CAMP No. 453 U. C. V. OF TIPPAAH COUNTY, MISS.

Six comrades have been lost to the membership of Tippah County Camp during the past twelve months, as follows:

J. N. Britt died November 24, 1924, at his home at Cotton Plant, Miss., aged seventy-nine years. He was a faithful soldier of the Confederate cause, and a good Church member, also a faithful and devoted father and good citizen.

J. Minter Jamieson, who died December 31, 1924, was about seventy-eight years old. He served some five months of the later days of the war on the coast of South Carolina. He was a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church, a devoted husband and father, and a good citizen.

R. L. Yancy died January 29, 1925, eighty-one years of age. As a Confederate soldier, he was a member of the old 2nd Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Falkner, commanding. "Uncle Bob," as he was better known, was always true to his convictions, faithful always to his duties as husband and father, as a Christian and good citizen.

J. P. Byrd passed to his final rest on May 11, 1925. He was a Confederate soldier during the last days of the war, and was about seventy-seven years old. He was a devoted husband and father, true to his duties as a Christian and citizen.

Sam Miskelly, a faithful soldier of the Southern army, was about eighty years old at his death on June 29, 1925. He was a faithful member of the Church and a law-abiding citizen.

J. C. Dixon passed to his reward on August 6, 1925, in his seventy-ninth year. He served as a soldier of Alabama during the War between the States. He was a true member of the Church, a kind husband and father, and a progressive citizen always interested in the upbuilding of his country. He leaves an aged wife and seven sons, one son having died. Comrade Dixon stood high in his Church and the community.

[O. A. Porter, Chairman.]

RICHARD CARPENTER.

After a long and eventful life, a beloved Confederate veteran and splendid Irish gentlemen, Richard Carpenter, died at his home near Cumby, Tex., on December 24, 1924. He had long been a prominent citizen of Hopkins County, Tex., standing high in the estimation of its people. He was born in the city of Dublin, Ireland, April 18, 1837, the year that Queen Victoria came to the throne of England. In 1848, then only eleven years old, Richard Carpenter went to Liverpool, England, and began to work there, but at an early age he enlisted in the British army and saw service in several parts of Europe. In 1854 he joined the British navy, and his first service was on the Duke of Wellington, then the greatest battleship afloat, and the vessel was in Russian waters during the Crimean War. At the end of that war, young Carpenter, in 1858, came to America, landing in Canada, but finally locating in New Orleans, where he worked at various things. At the call of the Southland in 1861, he joined the Derbenny Guards in New Orleans. This company was sent to Camp Moore, where it became Company B, 10th Louisiana Infantry, and its first service was under General Magruder in the Peninsular campaign. His regiment helped to cover the retreat of the Confederates to Richmond and afterwards took part in many important engagements of the Army of Northern Virginia. At Malvern Hill he was captured and taken to Fortress Monroe, thence to Fort Delaware. After being exchanged, Richard Carpenter was with Stonewall Jackson's Corps. He was again captured at the battle of Gettysburg and sent to Johnson's Island, where he was kept in the hospitals.

After the war he went back to New Orleans, later going to Texas, and, in 1867, locating in Hopkins County, where he farmed, served as county commissioner, justice of the peace, and in other public capacities. In 1869, he was married to Miss Margaret Prim, who survives him with a daughter and three sons.

In the death of Richard Carpenter, one of its most valuable citizens was lost to Hopkins County and the State. Loyal to the cause for which he had fought, he was devoted to his comrades of the Confederacy and ever enjoyed meeting with them, attending most of the general reunions, and Confederate comrades were his escort of honor to his last resting place in the cemetery at Cumby.

JAMES M. COULTER.

James M. Coulter was born in June, 1818, and died May 17, 1925, lacking only a few days of being one hundred and seven years old. He died in Walker County, Ga., from which place he entered the Confederate army in 1861 under Capt. J. W. Wardlaw, Company C, 60th Georgia Regiment. In 1862 he was transferred to Company H, 23rd Georgia Regiment, where he served until 1865. He was a good soldier and citizen, honorable in all walks of life. He was helpless and blind for several years before he died.

[His comrade, H. S. Fuller, Donaldson, Ark.]

GEORGIA COMRADES.

The following members of Camp No. 763, of Marietta, Ga., have died in Cobb County, July, 1924-July, 1925:

L. G. Hagood, 34th Georgia Regiment.

John Beavers, Company B, 5th Georgia Reserves.

Luke Quarles, Company E, 36th Georgia Regiment.

Thomas Atwood, Phillips's Legion.

S. J. Baldwin, 1st Georgia State Troops.

J. S. Goodwin, Company A, 1st Georgia Regiment.

[R. deT. Lawrence, Adjutant.]

MAJ. HUGH G. GWYN.

On March 16, 1925, Maj. Hugh Garvin Gwyn, a noble son of the Confederacy, answered to the last roll call at Coronado, Calif., passing from the life he loved to the eternal sleep he did not fear.

At Louisville, Ky., and Nashville, Tenn., at Los Angeles and San Diego, Calif., in the hearts of the many who knew him there was sorrow, though his passing was at an advanced age, and he went as he would have chosen—as falls the autumn leaf. The end came at the home of Mrs. George Foster, the beloved sister with whom he had long made his home.

On June 6, 1862, Hugh Gwyn was appointed as first lieutenant and adjutant of the 23rd Tennessee Regiment and ordered to report to the colonel commanding; and in September, 1864, he was appointed captain and A. I. G. to Brig. Gen. Basil W. Duke, Morgan's Cavalry, 2nd Brigade, and promoted to major December 1, 1864.

Major Gwyn's elder brother, James Gwyn, married in Philadelphia and settled there, and at the breaking out of war in 1861, he entered the Union army as captain of Company C, 23rd Pennsylvania Volunteers. He rose to be a major general, and it was said that his war record was replete with brilliant exploits and gallant service.

Hugh Garvin Gwyn was born in Londonderry, Ireland, June 20, 1839, of Scotch-Irish parentage, being one of the ten children born to Alexander and Catherine Garvin Gwyn. Only a sister survives of that large family.

There is a park in Londonderry which was at one time called "Gwyn's Grounds," in the center of which is an old building where a school was endowed by one of the Gwyns for a boys' school, now called "Brooks Park."

Major Gwyn's grandparents, Hugh and Catherine Garvin, came to the United States about 1846, and his widowed mother came over with her large family some time later. A sea cruise had been ordered for her health, so a sailing vessel was chartered for the family and household goods, and the trip required some three weeks. With her children she located in Kentucky, and Hugh Gwyn's boyhood days were spent in Louisville and Munfordsville. While yet a minor, he joined a force of railway engineers operating in southern Kentucky and northern Tennessee, and then became a soldier of the Confederacy.

Major Gwyn is survived by a son, Childress Gwyn, who has made a fine record in railroad service in Georgia.

[From tribute by his friend, Maj. George C. Nolan, of Los Angeles, Calif., who was Regimental Adjutant, Jesse's Kentucky Cavalry, later with Cluke's 8th Kentucky, Duke's Brigade, Morgan's Cavalry.]

DR. ROBERT W. DOUTHAT.

Dr. Robert William Douthat, former professor of Latin at West Virginia University, died on December 22, at Abilene, Tex., aged eighty-five years.

Dr. Douthat was a graduate of Emory and Henry College and was a college professor for more than forty years, serving as professor at Barboursville College (now Morris-Harvey), professor in the University of Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy, and as professor of Latin in West Virginia from 1895 to 1908.

He was an officer in the Confederate army and one of the few survivors of Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg. After retiring from teaching in 1908, he spent much of his time lecturing on that battle and other engagements of the Civil War. He was teacher of a woman's Bible class in the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Morgantown, that was reputed to be one of the largest classes of its kind in the world.

SILAS K. WRIGHT.

Silas K. Wright, a pioneer in the art of photography and a respected citizen of Luray, Va., for many years, died there recently after a brief illness. He was born at Tom's Brook, Va., December 18, 1844, and had nearly completed a life of eighty-one years. He located in Luray in 1881, and for many years he was the only photographer in that section, and his work took him to all parts of the county. He was among the earliest to practice night photography, in which he was eminently successful.

When the War between the States came on, Silas Wright enlisted with Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry, Laurel Brigade (Ashby and Rosser), when only seventeen years of age. Nearly all the men of the company were from Shenandoah County. He was in many battles of the command from Brandy Station to the end and rendered faithful and gallant service. For some years he served as Adjutant of Camp Rosser-Gibbons, U. C. V., at Luray, and he was also Assistant Adjutant on the staff of the State Commander.

Comrade Wright was the son of William and Elizabeth Wright, and his early years were spent on a farm. After the war he was a photographer at Moorefield, W. Va., for several years, then went to Texas, and was in the same calling in many parts of that State. An amusing experience was in taking a picture of Geronimo, that wily Indian chief, who thought the picture taking was a plan to assassinate him.

Returning to his native State, Silas Wright married Miss Fannie Miller, of Strasburg, and then located at Luray, which became his permanent home. He was buried in Green Hill Cemetery, with comrades from the Rosser-Gibbons Camp in attendance.

JUDGE H. C. MINTER.

Judge H. C. Minter, for thirty-six years judge of the Probate Court of Chariton County, Mo., died at his home in Keytesville, after a few days' illness, having nearly completed his eighty-fourth year. He is survived by four daughters; also by two sisters.

Judge Minter resided in Salisbury from 1874 to 1878, when he was elected Probate Judge, which office he held longer than any other official in the State of Missouri. While in Salisbury he did the editorial work on the *Spectator*, and of late years he has contributed articles to the *Press-Spectator*.

During his long tenure of office he came to know almost every man in Chariton County, and he was known and respected as a man of sterling character, loyal and faithful to every trust.

Henry Clayton Minter was born in Bedford County, Va., December 31, 1841, the ninth of eleven children, and his boyhood was spent on the farm. He was diligent and studious, and at the age of eighteen began to teach school. When the War between the States came on he enlisted and became a member of Company G, 28th Virginia Infantry. He was wounded at Sharpsburg and on the second day at Gettysburg. He also participated in the battles of Second Manassas, Seven Pines, Antietam, the seven days battles around Richmond, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, and numerous others, and surrendered with Lee's army at Appomattox.

Returning to his native county, he taught for a year and then began reading law. He went to Kentucky, locating at Richmond, where he was admitted to the bar and where he lived until going to Salisbury in 1874. On December 11, 1878, he married Miss Mattie Iglehart, of Glasgow, who died two years ago.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....*Second Vice President General*
MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Houston Tex.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City.....*Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street
MRS. ARTHUR C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La....*Corresponding Secretary General*
2223 Brainerd Street

MRS. R. H. RAMSEY, Little Rock, Ark.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky.....*Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert
MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla.....*Registrar General*
917 North K Street
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md....*Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Greeting! May the new year bring to each of you much happiness, and may all good things attend you!

The old year with its achievements and its gladness, with its disappointments and its sorrows is past, and we turn courageously and hopefully to the days that stretch before us.

May we face together the problems which confront us, knowing that obstacles are overcome by united effort.

May opportunities of service be seized by each of us, may bitterness, if it exist, be pushed away, and may we press onward, united in mind and resources.

The few weeks since the general convention in Hot Springs have been devoted to the consideration of the appointment of Standing and Special Committees. The names of the chairmen are herein stated, for the convenience of Chapters and in order that communication may be resumed.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

History.—Mrs. John L. Woodbury, 74 Weissinger-Gaulbert, Louisville, Ky.

Education.—Mrs. J. P. Higgins, 5330 Pershing Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Awarding University Prize for Confederate Essays.—Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, 520 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street, New York City.

Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women.—Mrs. Amos Norris, 713 Platt Street, Tampa, Fla.

Memorial.—Mrs. John H. Davis, Norfolk Avenue, Lynchburg, Va.

Official Stationery.—Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Troy, Ala.

Finance.—Mrs. P. H. Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.

Transportation.—Mrs. W. T. Allen, 2515 West Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

Division By-Laws.—Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, 409 West Washington Street, Greenwood, Miss.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy Department of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is in charge of Mrs. A. C. Ford, Clifton Forge, Va.

Mrs. Edwin Robinson, 532 Fairmont Avenue, Fairmont, W. Va., will continue in charge of the "Women of the South in War Times."

A week ago a telegram and letter notifying me of my election as a member of the Board of Directors of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association were received by me, as President General, U. D. C., from Mr. Rogers Winter, Secretary. My reply to the gentlemen of the

Board of Directors, which reply also included a statement of the position of this office, is published in this, my first official letter to you, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in order that all may know first hand just what is the attitude of this office concerning this matter, and in order to avoid any misunderstanding and confusion.

The letter is as follows:

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.,
CHARLESTON, S. C., December 4, 1925.

Mr. Roger Winter, Secretary, Atlanta, Ga.

My Dear Mr. Winter: Your telegram concerning letter mailed to Charleston reached me in Spartanburg, and later, upon my return to my home, I found your letter advising me that the Executive Committee of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association had unanimously elected me a member of the Board of Directors of the Association, and that you were instructed to say that it is the earnest desire of every member of the Committee for me to accept a place on the Board.

Allow me to thank you and each member of the Committee for this gracious act so courteously expressed, and to assure you that I appreciate the compliment and the spirit in which it is paid; but I find it utterly impossible to accept this position, and I must beg that you so inform the Executive Committee of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association.

For any officer of our organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy (of Chapters, Divisions, or members of the Executive Board) to accept positions on other governing boards and to be subservient to other officers and other by-laws, which may be in conflict with our own, is in the nature of federating, which is positively prohibited by the by-laws of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; therefore, as President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, it is impossible for me to accept this position.

Even if this were not prohibited, the work of the head of this organization is so heavy and the duties so absorbing that to properly conduct this office requires all the time at my disposal, and it would be impossible to attend to the duties of your large Association and be responsible for its policies and assist in directing its course as a director should.

I wish you to express my appreciation of this thought of me, and of the great organization which has placed me at its head, to your Committee, and in order that we may fully understand each other and that my purpose may not in any way be misconstrued, I am sending you my official statement as to my position concerning your great undertaking, as follows:

THE OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

Inasmuch as the matter of the Stone Mountain Memorial has always been brought before the conventions of the general organization of the U. D. C. by the Georgia Division, U. D. C.;

And inasmuch as this enterprise has received the indorsement of the general organization of the U. D. C., but has never been regarded as one of the projects or undertakings of the U. D. C., a distinction which is fully realized and appreciated by all members of the organization;

And inasmuch as the Georgia Division, U. D. C., which has previously come before the general convention with much enthusiasm concerning the Memorial, had nothing to request of the organization in convention assembled at Hot Springs, Ark., November, 1925, and, therefore, nothing was done concerning the Memorial but to offer a vote of thanks to President Coolidge and Congress for having issued the coin in memory of the soldiers of the South;

And inasmuch as it is the earnest desire of the President General, U. D. C., to have peace and harmony among the ranks of this organization, in order that the objects for which it was formed may be advanced;

And believing that to yield to the entreaties and persuasions of personal friends and of other Confederate organization held in high regard and esteem;

And to take action not authorized by the general convention would throw the ranks of this organization into confusion;

Therefore, it is the decision of this office that no part be taken in any matter concerning the Memorial until such time as the general organization is again approached by the Georgia Division, the sponsors for the Memorial, in so far as the general organization has been concerned.

Very truly yours,

RUTH LAWTON, *President General, U. D. C.*

On my return from the Hot Springs convention, my traveling companions part of the way were Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., and Miss Poppenheim, of Charleston. Upon arriving in Montgomery, Ala., where we had several hours to wait, we were most hospitably entertained by Mrs. Bashinsky, who took us to the historic old Exchange Hotel, where we were the guests of the proprietor, who placed at our use a beautiful suite of rooms. After luncheon, where guests of Mrs. Bashinsky, and where the time passed rapidly as we discussed the recent convention, we were taken by Mrs. Andrew Dowdell, of Alabama, for an auto drive over the beautiful city, stopping at that most interesting building, "The White House of the Confederacy."

As we passed from room to room gazing upon those objects hallowed by the use of the President of the Confederate States of America, Jefferson Davis, fond memory brought the light of other days around us, and we thought of the grandeur and pathos of the life of this man whom we of the U. D. C. are attempting to honor in so many ways, and we pledged anew our determination to see these works tending to perpetuate his memory brought to a brilliant completion.

We were taken by the most charming custodian of the building to register, and it was my pleasure and honor on this my "first official visit" to sign my name as President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in this historic old mansion.

After being most graciously entertained by Mrs. Dowdell in her beautiful home, we were taken to the train, where we

resumed our journey greatly refreshed in mind and body by these charming Daughters of Alabama.

With best wishes for the progress of all departments of our work, I remain,

Most cordially and sincerely,

RUTH LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

South Carolina is full of pride over the election of its Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, of Charleston, as President General. Though a daughter of the Old Dominion, Mrs. Lawton is a valued adopted daughter of the Palmetto State and has served as its Division President.

At the South Carolina State Fair this year, Confederate Day was featured. Two hundred and sixty-five Confederate veterans participated in the celebration. These came from all sections of the State, and free transportation and entertainment were provided for them. A bountiful turkey dinner was contributed by the city of Columbia, and was served by the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy. The veterans marched in a body to the Stadium, where the meeting was presided over by Gen. D. W. McLaurin, Commander of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V. Addresses were made by the Governor and other prominent men. The good cheer and fine health of those present were especially noticeable and gratifying. It is hoped to make this an annual event.

South Carolina's historical department, U. D. C., has issued a pamphlet, "Survey of Edisto District," by Miss Marion Salley, U. D. C. Director of Edisto District. The Historian is urging the other districts of the State to write similar histories.

The Ellison Capers and Maxey Gregg Chapters, U. D. C., of Florence, are planning to place in the Florence public library a tablet commemorating the heroes of the Confederacy.

The Hampton-Lee Chapter, of Greenville, in its November meeting, observed the Armistice Day program, with patriotic addresses by a number of prominent people, among them Mrs. A. F. McKissick, from the American Legion Auxiliary; Col. Henry T. Thompson, of Columbia, who brought inspiring greetings and messages from the veterans' organizations of the Spanish-American and World Wars; then, Dr. Norman W. Cox, of Savannah, Ga., gave a Thanksgiving message, with special reference to the wars of all ages. Three original songs were used at this time. The first of these, composed by Mrs. Smith, of Greenville, especially for this occasion, "Peace and Good Will," to the tune of "Old Black Joe"; the second, "Lest We Forget," and the third, "U. D. C. Song." A number of the members of the High School Orchestra assisted with the musical numbers.

* * *

The Baltimore Chapter, Maryland, No. 8, held a meeting on October 15 to appoint delegates to the State convention. A photograph of the Princess Camille de Polignac, widow of Maj. Gen. de Polignac, and their son has been presented to this Chapter by the Marquise de Courtivron, President of the Paris, France, Chapter.

Mrs. William M. Buchanan, President of the Baltimore Chapter, attended the general convention at Hot Springs, accompanied by her Board.

This month we have a most interesting account of the Maryland Division convention, sent by Mrs. Preston Power.

Hagerstown, the home of the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, was the city selected this year to entertain the convention of the Maryland Division.

A reception was tendered the officers the evening before the convention opened, at which a delightful speech by Mr. H. K. Beckenbaugh, a great nephew of Gen. Henry Kyd Douglas, for whom the Chapter is named, elicited enthusiasm and applause. Excellent music preceded refreshments, after which conversation reigned.

The following morning, October 28, the convention was formally opened by the President, Mrs. Franklin P. Canby, who declined renomination to the office she so capably filled this past year. The forty-two delegates then elected Mrs. Edward H. Bash, Baltimore, as her successor.

Three of the newly elected officers are members of the H. K. Douglas Chapter—Mrs. A. M. Smith, Historian; Mrs. Leo Cohill, Parliamentarian; and Miss Anne Barber Bruin, a Director.

Eighty certificates for membership were signed by Mrs. Canby during the year. In her report she told of much progress in educational and historical work; that she had obtained a pension for a veteran's widow, Mrs. Frank Bowling, of Bryanstown, Charles County; that several veterans are being assisted, and numerous boxes are sent to the homes for Confederate women and men.

Under her supervision, the Confederate Home for Women has been moved from Baltimore to Catonsville. Two Division meetings have been held during Mrs. Canby's administration.

Officers' reports were next read.

A delicious luncheon was served at the Hamilton Hotel at midday, after which business was resumed.

Special permission was granted to present a Cross of Honor to Mr. Henry Bell, whose service with Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry, of Ellicott City, was a gallant record. It was given by Miss Sally Washington Maupin, the State Recorder.

The memorial ceremony was impressively observed, all standing with bowed heads, while the white carnations were arranged in the wreath of green, as the name of each deceased member was called; later this wreath was placed in the Confederate lot in the Hagerstown Cemetery.

The convention voted to present a sword to West Point, in memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee, after Mrs. Jackson Brandt made the proposal.

The newly elected officers are:

President, Mrs. E. H. Bash, 1218 Linden Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

First Vice President, Mrs. J. W. Harrison, Bengies, Md.

Second Vice President, Mrs. T. R. Hall, Poolesville, Md.

Third Vice President, Mrs. J. C. White, Dickerson, Md.

Fourth Vice President, Mrs. Paul Tylehart, 1408 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Recording Secretary, Miss Evelyn Halbert, North Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Clayton Hoyle, Dickerson, Md.

Treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Westcott, Guilford, Baltimore.

Division Editor, Mrs. Preston Power, 2008 Maryland Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Registrar, Mrs. Charles N. Boulden, Homewood Apartments, Baltimore, Md.

Historian, Mrs. A. M. Smith, Hagerstown, Md.

Recorder of Crosses, Miss Bessie West, 2625 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.

Parliamentarian, Mrs. Leo Cohill, Hagerstown, Md.

Director Children of Confederacy, Mrs. J. C. White, Dickerson, Md.

Division Organizer, Mrs. A. W. Mears, Baltimore, Md.

Directors: Miss Anne Bruin, Hagerstown; Mrs. Laurence

Clark, Ellicott City; Mrs. S. W. Maupin, 2004 Maryland Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

* * *

The convention of the Virginia Division, was held at Roanoke, October 6, being entertained by the William Watts Chapter.

This was an unusually large and enthusiastic meeting and much work was accomplished. The reports showed a splendid year's work along all historical, educational, and benevolent lines.

Six hundred and eighty new members were added during the year; twenty-eight scholarships were successfully filled, that being a larger number than in any previous year; twenty-eight needy Confederate women are being cared for by means of the Janet Randolph Relief Committee; several histories of counties and many historical reviews were written; historical talks were made in schools throughout the State, and 8,410 essays on Confederate subjects were written by school children.

From Virginia, too, come these very interesting items relative to Lee Chapel:

The report of the Virginia Division Custodian at the Chapel shows that 24,812 persons registered there during the year. In this number were represented every State in the Union and fourteen foreign countries. Among the many notable persons who came during the year was Maj. Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, who wrote the life of General Lee.

AN APPRECIATION.

The work connected with the editorship of this department for the past three years has been a genuine pleasure due to the interest and coöperation of the management of the *VETERAN*, to that of the loyal Daughters in the various States, and to that of the faithful Publicity Chairmen. To my successor, Mrs. A. C. Ford, Clifton Forge, Va., I bespeak this same interest and coöperation.

With sincere good wishes for each one who gave me the assistance so absolutely necessary toward making anything like a readable column, I am

Faithfully yours, (MRS. R. D.) ELOISE W. WRIGHT.

SOCIAL FEATURES OF THE HOT SPRINGS CONVENTION.

REPORTED BY MRS. R. D. WRIGHT.

So numerous and so varied were the entertainments planned by the convention hostesses at Hot Springs that our space will not allow any extended description of any one of them. Suffice to say that nothing was omitted that could add in any way to the pleasure of the guests. The New Arlington Hotel is perfect in its appointments, the service is first class in every way, and the never-failing courtesy and patience of the men at the desk will linger always in the minds of the delegates. At Savannah Mrs. W. E. Massey seemed to promise the impossible when she extended the invitation; but not so, the half was hardly told.

Social affairs led off with the "President's Dinner" on Monday evening in one of the private dining rooms, with covers laid for twenty-four. The place cards were hand-painted poems, "Arkansas's Birth," by the late Mrs. Crowder, a native poet. The favors were beautiful Nilook vases, made from the famous art clay found near Hot Springs. Of the thousands upon thousands of these manufactured every year, it is said that the coloring in no two is ever exactly the same.

Hot Springs Chapter, U. D. C., was hostess on Tuesday at a luncheon to officers, special guests, and delegates, and this was served in the elaborately decorated ballroom of the New Arlington. More than four hundred guests were seated at the long tables. Instead of the usual toasts on such occasions, guests were entertained during the intervals of the five-course menu with the reading of the cleverest of telegrams from imaginary radio fans in different sections of the country, each telegram carrying a special message to some well-known member of the organization. There were delightful vocal numbers, a most amusing talk by a "Girl of the Sixties," and an artistic interpretation of the "Charleston" by two of Hot Springs's accomplished dancers. One of Mrs. Massey's promises at Savannah was fulfilled on this occasion, when Mrs. Lora G. Goolsby, President of the Arkansas Division, in the cleverest of clever speeches, presented Mrs. Harrold, the President General, with a handsome solitaire diamond set in a platinum ring.

Of the reception to the entire convention given by the Arkansas Division on Wednesday evening in the ballroom of the hotel, a local paper had this complimentary paragraph: "A more wonderfully gowned assemblage, a more cultured group, and a handsomer body of maids and matrons never before have been gathered under one roof in this city." (This is given only as a sample of what the Hot Springs papers said about us every day!) So great was the crowd that it was necessary to have two receiving lines, one on each side of the ballroom. In one were Mrs. Dillon, President of the hostess Chapter, General officers, Past General officers, Honorary Presidents, and distinguished guests. In the other were Mrs. Goolsby, President of the Arkansas Division, Presidents of other Divisions, and Arkansas Division officers, present and past. An exquisitely rendered program of music was given by the Meyer-Davis orchestra during the entire evening. Assisting at the punch bowls were other prominent Arkansas women.

Each day of the convention found the General Officers, Past Presidents General, and distinguished guests entertained at a lovely luncheon. The Kellar Chapter, the Memorial Chapter of Little Rock, and the Churchill Chapter, all of Little Rock, vied with one another on their respective days in the beauty of the decorations, the attractiveness of the menus, and the variety of the souvenirs presented to their guests.

On the one afternoon given over to recreation, it was impossible to accept all the invitations extended, as the mere mention of these will show. Play time began at two P.M., when it seemed that every automobile in Hot Springs was lined up, as far as one could see, to give the delegates a drive over the wonderfully paved roads. The blue skies and glorious sunshine made one loath to turn back for the round of receptions planned. But at each of these so attractive was everything, and so cordial the greetings, that the pleasures of the drive were but continued, only changed as to surroundings.

The first reception was in the parlors of the New Arlington, the J. M. Kellar Chapter hostess to the convention, with the pages as honor guests.

Immediately following this was one in the ballroom of the hotel given by the Arkansas Societies of the D. A. R., and the U. S. D. of 1812. The hostesses at these two receptions had left nothing undone that would add to the pleasure of their guests—beautiful flowers, music by real artists, delicious refreshments, and, above all, a genuine atmosphere of old-time hospitality.

Perhaps the largest reception of the afternoon was the one given by Mrs. Harry Jones, wife of the mayor of Hot Springs, in the parlors of the Majestic Hotel. Besides the President General, Mrs. Harrold, among the guests of honor were Mrs. Terral, wife of the Governor; Mrs. Patterson, wife of the commandant of the local Post; Mrs. Goolsby, Division President; Mrs. Dillon, of the Hot Springs Chapter; and Mrs. Massey, President of the Arkansas F. W. C.

Surely no general convention ever had a more beautiful bevy of girls to serve it as pages, and it would be hard to arrange a more beautiful ball than the one given in honor of these girls on Friday evening, in the hotel ballroom. Many other attentions were shown them during the convention; and, they, like the delegates, will always cherish the most delightful recollections of Hot Springs.

An event that is looked forward to from one convention to the next is the Jefferson Davis National Memorial Highway dinner, given one evening during the convention, all arrangements in charge of the General Committee for the Highway, each guest procuring a ticket. Delegates who know the women on this committee also know that several hours of genuine pleasure is in store for all who attend. The dinner of six courses was served in the Fountain Room of the hotel, General Freeman, Commander in Chief U. C. V., being the guest of honor. Mrs. Woodbury, the Chairman, General Freeman, Mrs. Harrold, Mrs. Lawton, and three of the five Past Presidents who played an important part in the progress of this Highway were seated at a central table. The places for these five Past Presidents General were cleverly marked with tissue paper dolls, the faces of these being photographs of the persons represented, and each carrying a symbol of the part contributed by that person to the development of the project. The place cards were "A Highway Memorial," a poem by Dr. A. W. Littlefield, "a Massachusetts Confederate." After the last course, all stood and sang enthusiastically the stanzas adapted by the convention, beginning

"There's a long, long trail a-winding
Through the land of the U. D. C's," etc.,

this to the tune of "A Long, Long Trail."

Another affair that has come to be a feature of every general convention is the "War Directors' Dinner." Usually some one member arranges for this dinner, but this year Mrs. J. T. Beal, War Relief Director for Arkansas, 1917-19, and Mrs. Frank Tillar, of Little Rock, complimented the other Directors with an elaborate course dinner in a private dining room of the Arlington, Mrs. Harrold and Miss Poppenheim, the "War President," being guests of honor. Covers were laid for thirty, the flowers were red and white carnations, and each guest was presented with a colonial bouquet. Mrs. P. H. Lane, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. R. P. Holt, of North Carolina, have invited the other Directors to be their guests for the annual dinner in 1926.

Time and space do not suffice to tell of the many evidences given to the delegates to prove that Arkansas is the "Wonder State," a title so proudly claimed by every citizen: its diamond mines, its pearl fisheries in the White River, its building stone, its clay, its marble, its apples, its rice, its healing waters—in fact, it did seem that everything that one could think of was either found or produced in the State. Over and above its vast material resources, however, is the real heart of its people.

The *Bonnie Blue Flag* was first sung in public by its author, Harry McCarthy, in Jackson, Miss., on January 10, 1861.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

STUDY FOR 1926.

The Historian General announces the topic for study for this coming year for the U. D. C. to be the Confederate Cabinet. For the Children of the Confederacy to be interesting facts about the Southern States.

U. D. C. PROGRAM.

February.

Paper: Sketch of life of President Jefferson Davis.

Reading: Farewell address to the Senate. Inaugural address.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

February.

TOPIC: SOUTH CAROLINA.

1. Give the State boundaries, and locate the capital.
2. What is the history of the State's name?
3. What is the motto of the State? Flower?
4. Describe the State coat-of-arms and flag.
5. Tell of some important event in the War between the States which took place in South Carolina.
6. Learn this quotation from Henry Timrod, and tell something about the author:

"Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause,
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!"

Keep a notebook on this course of study.

Topics, etc., in regard to prize contests will be announced as soon as all donors have been conferred with.

U. D. C. BOOKPLATE.

The illustration given here is the design for a bookplate submitted by Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky, to be used in books presented by the U. D. C. to libraries in this country and abroad, and which was adopted by the convention in Hot Springs.

This design, the great Seal of the Confederacy, was chosen for several reasons. It is authentic, being taken from a picture which the seal makers certified as being a true one; it is historic, and will be a reminder that the Confederacy was a separate government—not a civil rebellion; it represents the Confederacy as a whole, and somewhat officially, as does the seal of any country.

The bookplate, by leaving a space for the name of the giver, becomes a memorial to that person. It gives credit also to the local Chapter and to the organization generally.

The following prices have been secured on the bookplate the printing not to exceed the amount on sample:

100 copies, \$3.75; 300 copies, \$4.50; 500 copies, \$5.25.

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ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON CHAPTER

U. D. C. No. 120

CONFEDERATE COLLECTION

THE YALE UNIVERSITY PHOTO FILMS.

BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS

The U. D. C. general convention, held at Hot Springs, Ark., was one of the most successful gatherings that this writer has ever attended, and he has attended quite a few as an "unofficial observer" intensely interested in the already extensive and steadily expanding work of this organization. It seemed that at this convention the delegates present had more than usual to debate, but debated it with great ability and exceptional good temper. Even at the last session, following upon six days of steady discussion, those engaged in its final phases made as good an impression as they did in the beginning. The U. D. C. may be likened to a great postgraduate civic training class preparing women for leadership in the activities of State and nation. There is no other patriotic organization just like it.

The writer was given the privilege of the floor by the President General to say a few words about the progress being made by the Yale University Press in the production of their series of *Chronicles of America* Photoplays, dealing with important events in American history from Columbus to Appomattox.

So great an interest was shown in this historical development promoted under the auspices of Yale University which, incidentally, is the *Alma Mater* of John C. Calhoun, Judah P. Benjamin, and many other distinguished Southerners—that numerous requests came from the delegates to set forth in the *VETERAN* ways and means for the United Daughters of the Confederacy and others to cooperate with the Yale Press in the showing of these remarkable photo dramas. This the writer is herewith endeavoring to do to the best of his ability.

The Yale films are not "Southern" films or "Northern"

films as such, any more than they are "Eastern" films or "Western" films, but necessarily they represent Eastern scenes, Western scenes, and Northern and Southern scenes and events in American history. For example, "Jamestown" represents some of the events that mark the first permanent English settlement. The film called "The Pilgrims" marks the events representing the second English settlement, to say nothing of the film, "Peter Stuyvesant," which marks the beginnings of New York as New Amsterdam. In regard to the difficulties of 1861-65, there will be four films, two prepared from the Southern viewpoint and two from the Northern viewpoint. In all four of those films there is an effort to interpret each section in terms of the whole. With eighteen more in process of preparation, the films that have been completed are: "Columbus," "Jamestown," "The Pilgrims," "The Puritans," "Peter Stuyvesant," "The Gateway to the West," "Wolfe and Montcalm," "The Eve of the Revolution," "The Declaration of Independence," "Daniel Boone," "Vincennes," "The Frontier Woman," "Yorktown," "Alexander Hamilton," "Dixie." Each of the films represents the utmost fidelity in the presentation of historical fact. Similar care with respect to characterizations, costumes, settings—all of the complex details of production—tends to bring about, in effect, the recreation of the past in the proper atmosphere and spirit of the events portrayed. Each picture, before it is released, must be approved by a Board of Editors, representing the Council's Committee of Yale University.

Up to the time of the Arkansas convention, the writer knew of but two showings of the Yale pictures presented by U. D. C. Chapters. These two showings were made in Hagerstown,

Md., under the auspices of the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, and in Petersburg, Va., under the auspices of the Petersburg Chapter.

The two Chapter showings are significant of widely different conditions of environment and associations. The Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, situated in a Northern environment, with a very limited number of U. D. C. members, elected to show the film "Dixie." This Chapter had been giving annual entertainments of a social character, to which a necessarily limited number of invitations were issued. In May, 1925, the Chapter decided to rent a theater at a time of day when the regular theater productions were not in the program, in order to give a benefit showing for the people of Hagerstown at large, in so far as accommodations would allow. The management of the theater courteously granted a special rate for expense charges, and arrangements were so efficiently carried out that the largest theater in the city was crowded to the doors with a representative assembly composed of the men and women of the community, particularly including the teachers and many of the high school pupils. The showing of the play met with uniform favor, and it was generally declared to have furnished the most noteworthy entertainment given by any patriotic or historical organization. The teachers of history, as well as the general public, were unanimous in referring to it as a wonderful educational exhibition, which provided interesting entertainment and valuable instruction for all present. It reflected especial credit upon Miss Anne Barber Bruin, who, as President of the Chapter, had conceived the idea and who largely carried out the plans to a successful conclusion.

The other instance in which Yale Photoplays were used by the U. D. C. was the showing of a combination of "Dixie" and "Vincennes" by the Petersburg Chapter. In this case, the Chapter was in a Southern community, and the members, under the leadership of Mrs. Alice V. D. Pierrepont and Miss Anne V. Mann, sought, through a showing of these films, to raise additional funds for the Chapter's historical work. Consequently, the two films, "Vincennes" and "Dixie," were secured for an afternoon and evening showing. Although an admission of only twenty-five cents and thirty-five cents was charged for the two performances, more than \$100 was cleared over and above expenses. This entertainment was probably far more successful financially than any other that could have been given, besides presenting an interesting and instructive entertainment to a great many people.

It should be added that, at the convention, when the speaker had reviewed these two showings, Mrs. Walter J. Grace, President of the Georgia Division, referred to the showing of "Dixie" in Macon, Ga. Mrs. Grace called special attention to the fact that "Dixie" had, in realistic photography, shown the falsity of the twin errors concerning the alleged offering of the sword by Lee and the returning of it by Grant, to say nothing of the old apple tree yarn in connection with the same event. Mrs. Grace added that "the theater ran 'Dixie' for two days following our program, and it was received with great enthusiasm."

These remarkably successful entertainments on different bases should furnish ideas for other entertainments which could be varied according to the circumstances; and, in every case, all of these circumstances should be thoroughly taken into consideration before steps are taken to show the films.

To any group interested in presenting "Dixie," it is necessary, in the first place, to recognize a few facts. The Yale University films are primarily educational and historical,

(Concluded on page 38.)



ARKANSAS AND NORTH CAROLINA.

Mrs. John H. Anderson, of Fayetteville, N. C., Historian of North Carolina Division, U. D. C., receiving the congratulations of General Vance, commanding the Arkansas Division, U. C. V.—and who is a cousin of North Carolina's famous war Governor, Zebulon B. Vance—for winning the Jean Fox Weinman loving cup offered for the best historical work done through the schools of any Division. This cup was offered for the first time by Mrs. John F. Weinman, of Little Rock, Ark. It is embossed with battle scenes of the Confederacy, and is a most beautiful trophy.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Pealody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
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MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
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All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

The hour of midnight heralds to the world the passing of the old year, and with bells ringing and glad acclaim the new year stands at the door of opportunity, bidding us work while 'tis day. With heartfelt praise and thanksgiving to the Giver of all good for the accomplishments of the past year, and with faces turned toward the dawning of another year, I extend to you, dear faithful coworkers, most cordial greetings, and with renewed faith all that we are pledged to do and to be—urge upon each one that we pass in retrospect our resolutions of the year just gone and see if we have measured up to our privileges. If we have done well, let us strive to do better; if in some measure we have failed, let us not be discouraged, but valiantly go forth with greater determination to put our work in equal footing with the best and strive to make this year the best ever. If our hearts are filled with love for the cause, then the task will be an easy one.

A most happy, prosperous, and successful New Year to all.
Faithfully,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
President General C. S. M. A.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

ATLANTA MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association met at the home of Mrs. G. H. Brandon on Friday, November 27, Mrs. William A. Wright, presiding, and enjoyed a most delightful hospitality.

The President introduced three new members, Mrs. Bernard Wolff, Mrs. Berry, and Mrs. Beasley, who were cordially received.

Mrs. Harper called the roll and about forty responded. We have at present nearly one hundred and fifty enrolled members.

The minutes of the last meeting were read by Mrs. Fletcher Spratling and accepted by the Association. Treasurer's report was read by the President, who will continue to keep this work up until the Treasurer is able to be at her post again.

The President reported a letter written to Hon. Hancock relative to the property belonging to the Association being exempt from taxation permanently, which was granted unhesitatingly.

The President also reported that Mrs. William Williams, First Vice President, and Mrs. Samuel Goode, Treasurer, were

both still ill. Mrs. Brandon requested that the Association should send flowers as an expression of our sympathy and love.

A beautiful letter from Mrs. Sam D. Jones, President of War Mothers, was read. She expressed regrets at not being able to be with us, and sent messages of love to each member of the Association, especially our beloved President, "who never forgets Pershing Point," nor does she forget anything of a memorial nature. She is little and frail, but a tower of strength. She has given this work an impetus almost miraculous. How infinitely potent and moving it seems since she has so vividly magnified the importance of such a high philanthropic, as well as patriotic, privilege. She makes it a most impressive and significant work to thus honor our heroes. Her earnestness is so admirable and utterly convincing.

It was suggested and voted that we adjourn until January 27. We were then entertained with a beautiful musical program by the pupils of Mrs. Dobbs, our own Mary Butt Griffith. She also gave us several charming selections on the harp. After which delicious refreshments were served by our hostess and a social hour was enjoyed.

JOSEPHINE R. MOBLEY, *Recording Secretary.*

SOCIAL HOUR.

A suggestion has come from a friend that greatly increased interest will result if each Association will combine a social hour with the business meetings. Whenever possible, meet monthly at the home of the President or one of the members. Have a little music, a reading from Miss Rutherford's Scrapbook, and read to your members something from the VETERAN. This magazine being the official organ of all the patriotic Southern organizations will keep our members in touch with activities along patriotic lines. Have light refreshments, and do not let your program consume more than one hour, after which have a purely social meeting. Seek out and invite to your meetings any visiting interesting stranger. Bring in the young people. Apropos to this, we quote from a letter from Miss Missie Ault, one of our most beloved coworkers, to Mrs. Miller, State President of Tennessee: "Our Memorial Association meets quarterly, as it has done for fifty-seven years. The Association is growing rapidly, so many new members, and the young ladies are wonderfully interested and just love to hear the reminiscences of older people. I do hope to be at the next meeting of the C. S. M. A." Time does not pale nor age wither the ardent love of our women, because back of all the effort is devotion to the cause and the principles which fade not but brighten with the coming years.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

BY WILLIE VAN WINKLE, IN ATLANTIA JOURNAL.

Another interesting edition, Volume III, of "Representative Women of the South, 1862-1925," by Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, is off the press. This is perhaps the most extensive volume yet published, as its subjects represent twenty-two States, besides the mother country. It is handsomely bound in black leather, also in white and gold. Mrs. Collier has been asked to present a copy of Volumes I, II, and III, also succeeding volumes that will follow, to the Stone Mountain Museum. These volumes will be bound in white kid and kept for all time. Her complete set of works are also in the Richmond Museum and the London and Paris libraries.

The Foreword has been most beautifully written by Miss Mary Hilliard Hinton, of Raleigh, N. C., a gifted writer, the author of many noteworthy contributions to Southern literature and perhaps the foremost authority in America on questions of family history. The high esteem in which she is held is indicated by her being chosen to high office in the two most exclusive patriotic societies in America, the office of Registrar for Life in the "Order of the Crown" and the "Daughters of the Barons of Runnymede." From the beginning of Mrs. Collier's work, seven years ago, Miss Hinton realized its colossal magnitude and has followed each volume with great interest, culminating in the beautiful appreciation expressed in this Foreword. Miss Hinton says:

"As a balm, a panacea has come from the pen of one of the South's most gifted interpreters a monumental gift, inspired by the best that has been bequeathed to us of the past, that must leave its impress on the future. This work has been the outburst of a soul who loves the workers of to-day, as well as yesterday, and holds a fair vision for the children of the land that is dear to the heart of Margaret Wootten Collier.

"Brilliant, practical, sympathetic, it is no marvel that Mrs. Collier, the home maker, should be inspired to preserve for all time the records of those noble women who have helped to make our fair Southland through ages of constructive development and through the dark periods of reconstruction on to the gigantic struggle of restoration. To her alone could have been granted the permission to give the world their unconscious share in the glorious task. Love for and absolute confidence in Mrs. Collier's high motive alone accomplished this mammoth task.

"To accomplish something worth while, to honor the brave women of the South, has been Mrs. Collier's life ambition. When the time came for the fulfillment of her dream, the result has been 'Representative Women of the South.' Volume I was warmly received and inspired the second volume, which was dedicated 'In loving memory of our War Queens of the Sixties, Your Mother and Mine.' This has won national fame and has received recognition in foreign lands.

"With this work, Mrs. Collier's fame has become established. In the third volume will appear her finest attempt in poetry, 'In My Garden of Love,' dedicated to the 'Representative Women of the South.' Her style is delightful, eloquent, and vivid, so that in reading her delineation of the past one lives again those days with her unconscious heroines. She interpreted their lives, their atmosphere, with equal grace whether through the medium of prose or poetry.

"Lineage and environment vied in the development of one of the South's most gifted and beloved daughters. It is fitting that some mention should be made here of an ancestry of which there is just cause for pride. Her direct lines are those of Hill, Hinton, Callaway, Hendrix, and Wootten,

names that have been among the substantial settlers of the New World and which have attained distinction in England.

"From the emigrant ancestor, Richard Wootten, who received a grant of land in Warwick County, Va., August 30, 1647, to Dr. John Fletcher Wootten, of Wilkes County, Ga., there is an unbroken line, which went from the Old Dominion to North Carolina, then to Georgia. Dr. Wootten married Margaret Marion Hendrix, and their youngest daughter is Margaret Wootten Collier."

Mrs. Collier has some of the most brilliant women from almost every State in our nation, whose splendid achievements have made them worthy representatives of their country. In this volume, as in the preceding volumes, are found women of the South's most representative families, families "which have illustrated and adorned every page of our history from Jamestown to the present day and boasting names on which in every generation fame has set its seal."

"A LITTLE WHITE GLOVE."

[In the Confederate Memorial Hall, on Camp Street, in New Orleans, among many interesting relics of the War between the States, is a little white glove, with a loving "heart" and a girl's name written thereon. The glove was found in the pocket of a young Confederate officer's coat. He was killed in one of the battles in Virginia, and buried in a private graveyard near by. After the war his remains were returned to Louisiana. The following beautiful lines were written by Mrs. Catherine Key Zeigler, of New Orleans, and attached to the little glove.—James Dinkins.]

In that sacred room, gathered from near and far,
Are guarded and cherished the grim relics of war.
There are pictures and papers, tattered colors o'erhead,
A uniform stained with the battle's grim red.
There are weapons and bullets and letters of love—
But none touch the heart like this little white glove.

It is yellow with age and bears the grim mark
Of decay and the earth where its owner lay stark.
But still you can read on its surface so dim
The name that was dearest of all names to him,
You can dream how he traced that emblem of love
As her dear hand trembled in its little white glove.

How she kissed him good-by, when he marched, marched away,
While the white little glove on his throbbing heart lay;
And how on his heart it still lay when he fell
'Mid the battle's inferno of bullet and shell:
And how when he slept in the dark earth at rest,
It lovingly clung to his moldering breast.
And ah! Little sweetheart, how you waited in vain
For your soldier to bring back the white glove again!

Grim relics of war, all are hallowed with love,
But none touch the heart like this little white glove.

NEW ORLEANS, March 8, 1901.

Mrs. J. M. Vann, of Morrilton, Ark., writes: "I feel that life would almost be a failure without the dear old VETERAN. I'm seventy-six years old, almost blind, but by the aid of my reading glass I read the VETERAN. My husband took it from the first, and since his death, I've continued it."

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

NEWS AND NOTES OF INTEREST.

STILL FIGHTING?

A prominent newspaper in a Southern city, in describing a meeting of the U. D. C. and speeches delivered there, heads its account: "Still Attacking Abraham Lincoln. Daughters Still Fighting After Sixty Years." This may have sounded funny to the man who wrote that headline, and doubtless he felt very superior and "progressive" and "new" when he wrote it, but it is pretty sickening stuff. The Daughters are fighting after sixty years, thank God, but they are not fighting Abraham Lincoln. They are fighting the lies about Lincoln and the reflection upon our Southern people which inferentially must come from belief in these lies. And when the time comes that this fighting shall cease, the South will have lost its soul and will lay supine and enslaved, scorned by brave men and good women, its heroes maligned and despised, and its history replaced by the propaganda of its enemies.

THE AMERICAN LEGION HISTORY.

The history written by Professor Horne and sponsored by the American Legion holds much of weal or woe for us of the South. The efforts of such an eminently equipped critic and historian as Matthew Page Andrews and the work of that intensely patriotic and very able woman, Mrs. Schuyler, Past President General, U. D. C., have been both handicapped and helped. Handicapped by the strange indorsement of totally false and totally offensive statements in the history by Southern men and women supposed from their high station in patriotic societies to be equipped for effective criticism, and helped by the very earnest efforts of Professor Horne and his staff to see that justice is done. It remains to be seen whether corrections here and there can make a suitable history of this work; it is greatly to be hoped this shall be.

FLORIDA DIVISION, S. C. V.

S. L. Lowry, Commander of the Florida Division, S. C. V., writes of the annual meeting of the division, as follows:

"The annual meeting of the Florida Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, was held at Gainesville, Fla., November 3-5, at the same time that of the Confederate Veterans was held. The following officers were elected to serve for one year to represent the Florida Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans:

"Division Commander, Sumter L. Lowry, Tampa, Fla.
 "Adjutant and Chief of Staff, B. F. Taylor, Jr., Tampa.

"Chaplain, Rev. Thomas McCaul.

"Commander First Brigade, Y. R. Beazely, Tampa, Fla.

"Commander Second Brigade, John Z. Raredon, Tallahassee, Fla.

"Commander Third Brigade, Archie L. Jackson, Gainesville.

"Commander Fourth Brigade, Louis Lively, Tallahassee, Fla.

"Commander Fifth Brigade, D. L. McKiver, Ocala, Fla."

Commander Lowry, who, by the way, has the unique distinction of having been elected an honorary life member of the Confederate Veterans of his State, writes also: "At the close of my address, I called for men who wished to join the Sons of Confederate Veterans to come forward to the platform. Twenty-one came forward and joined and paid their dues, and this new Camp bids fair to become one of the best. John H. Wheelock was made Commander of this Camp. Florida now pays to every Confederate veteran and widow of a veteran \$40 per month. Last winter this measure, sponsored by the U. D. C. and the S. C. V., passed the legislature of Florida without a dissenting vote."

This "hitting the sawdust trail" idea in securing members is not a bad one; let others try it. It is better than buying new members at fifty cents a head. Florida does well for her veterans, yet other States that make a far smaller per capita showing spend a far greater amount in the *sum total*. Florida has comparatively few veterans to take care of.

FROM GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

Adjutant in Chief Walter L. Hopkins sends out a general letter to the various Camps urging the payment of 1926 dues. He calls attention to the next reunion to be held at Birmingham, probably in May, 1926, and states that certificates for securing reduced rates, as well as admittance to the social functions of the reunion, will be granted only to those holding 1926 membership cards.

A CALL FROM PAST COMMANDER IN CHIEF FORREST.

Nathan Bedford Forrest, who states that he "glories in the facts that he was born in the great State of Mississippi, that he is the son of a Confederate soldier, and that his mother was a Mississippi girl," is out in a call to Mississippi S. C. V.'s to save Beauvoir to the Sons and Veterans. This former home of Jefferson Davis is the property of the S. C. V. of Mississippi, and is used as a Confederate Home, supported

by State funds. There is an effort to have it pass into State ownership. Forrest opposes this. He gives good reasons for his opposition. There is no more devoted Son nor useful man in Southern affairs than Forrest. We hope his appeal to the Mississippi Sons who soon meet to decide this question will not be in vain.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

The Interior Department of the United States government has seen fit to issue a list of forty books which all children, it stated, should read before they reach their sixteenth year. This list contains many charming old friends. There are Robinson Crusoe, Uncle Remus, Hans Brinker, and the Swiss Family Robinson. Our spirits drop when we read that the "Man Without a Country" is "among those present," and, while there is no other story of any American nor any other biography, the child is urged to read "The Boy Life of Lincoln." This is in strict accord with the apparent sentiment of the country at large, North and South, which has placed Lincoln upon a pedestal at a height it accords no other American and holds him there by main force. He is sacrosanct and his name must be mentioned in reverence, and *only* in reverence. This has recently been demonstrated in a startling way, and a *prominent Southern newspaper* goes so far as to say that there must be *no adverse* criticism of Lincoln, *no matter how true*. This paper and others commend the efforts toward truth in history of the U. D. C. and the S. C. V., but here the statement comes that these efforts must cease as soon as truth encroaches upon Lincoln's apotheosis. This Southern paper demands it, the North universally demands it, the South largely demands it. We have come to such a pass, my fellow citizens, in a country of "free speech." What do you think of it? I ask you again—*what do you think of it?*

HERE'S ANOTHER.

Lately we commented on Mr. Heyward Broun's article in the New York *World* expressing his ignorance as to who Matthew Fontaine Maury might be. This brilliant gentleman, in his *World* "colyum," recently expatiates at length on the total disappearance of the Old South. He says that all her present prosperity is due to a "complete scrapping of her prewar civilization." The toddies are gone, he says, the colonels are going, and the very accents of the South are gravely modified by the admixture of New England twang and sounds derived from ancestors out of the south of Russia. "There is not enough of the old South left to spoon up, except a few favorite songs, and these were all written by Yankees or negroes." Well, now, do tell!

JUST A QUERY.

The Columbia (S. C.) *State*, in a "little slam" at those who advance unpalatable truths about Lincoln, says: "If the G. A. R. cares for the Songs of Hate, let it monopolize them." We ask how can the G. A. R. do so when we have here in the South taken to ourselves one of the most rabid of these Songs of Hate and clasped it to our bosom. We refer to the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which many people think is the national anthem. This, in word and inspiration, is the most noted and extreme of all war songs of hate against the South, and most offensive in its characterizations of the Southern people, whom it terms the Lord's "contemnors," etc. Yet it has come to pass that any condemnatory words against this song, any effort to have it eliminated from Southern Church and patriotic services, is met by almost as much vehement reproof and reproach as any adverse comment on Lincoln.

A YANKEE ON STONE MOUNTAIN.

Mr. Frederick J. Haskin contributes to the press a long article supposedly for the benefit of Stone Mountain Memorial, but perhaps not so advantageous as might be wished. There has been a fear all along that in some way and by some hook or crook some part of the great memorial would be turned from a Confederate to a Yankee memorial. More than one such attempt has been made. Mr. Haskin says: "As Stone Mountain will become a national memorial, it is felt by many that some recognition should be given for soldiers that fought for the Union. Mr. Lukeman will do this by showing in the foreground a figure of a Union soldier with that of a Confederate soldier." If this is really proposed and intended, it will meet with a great deal of opposition in the South and cause great dissatisfaction.

Speaking of the Stone Mountain Coin and the graciousness of Congress in allowing it, Mr. Haskin shows a remarkable lack of tact; he states: "Surely it would seem this issuance of this coin would cause the many old-time Southerners who are still fighting the war to declare peace and call off hostilities."

Mr. Haskin would have been happier had he stated that it would have been seemly if the G. A. R. and other Northern "patriotic" organizations would cease their rabid attacks on the Southern memories and Southern leaders that Stone Mountain proposes to honor, attacks even urging the government to blow down Stone Mountain with guns if this "infamous" scheme cannot be stopped in any other way. There is small excuse to be throwing up to the old Confed the need of "making peace."

FLORIDA, MY FLORIDA!

(State song sung to air of "Maryland, My Maryland.")

BY SARAH BANKS WEAVER, MIAMI, FLA.

O, perfect land of bright sunshine,
Florida, my Florida!
The hand that formed thee is divine,
Florida, my Florida!
The ocean deep with skies so blue,
The evening breezes filtering through,
The pendulum curtain swaying true,
Florida, my Florida!

O, Southland home so fair and bright,
Florida, my Florida!
Of matchless days and perfect nights,
Florida, my Florida!
Here nature soothes to quiet rest
All unkind feelings in our breast,
In this fair country God has blest,
Florida, my Florida!

Thy rivers, lakes, and splendid bays,
Florida, my Florida!
Thy mocking birds and flowers gay,
Florida, my Florida!
A perfect vision greets the eye,
Where rolling waves meet bending sky;
And where old Time flies swiftly by,
Florida, my Florida!

Florida is a State of great dimensions. It is as large as New York, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island; and it is as far from Key West to Pensacola by rail as it is from Jacksonville to New York City. Key West is five hundred miles south of Jacksonville.—L. M. Rodes, *State Commissioner*.

YALE UNIVERSITY PHOTO FILMS.

(Continued from page 33.)

although they are also strikingly entertaining and dramatic. They are *three-reel* films intended to occupy a period of from forty to forty-five minutes, which is the length of the average school period. Consequently, one of these films would not, by itself, constitute a full evening's entertainment. It has to be accompanied by something else, such as a brief session of music and a short address of some kind. Or a *very brief* explanatory address and program of music should be given with *two* of the films at one time, which would constitute a customary afternoon or evening's entertainment. This would be recognized as such by every one as eminently worth while, on either the basis of invitation or admission charge. The public would see in these pictures something totally different from anything they would see in commercial productions.

The patriotic society or societies would, of course, have to secure a proper hall for presentation, and each community could work out the arrangements in its own way. The procedure might be done on the initiative of the organization that sponsored it, or it might be done in cooperation with other organizations. In each case, the organization presenting the films could invite the officers of the other organizations to be present or to participate in varying degrees, according to conditions, and this would include the president of the Chamber of Commerce and business organizations, as well as the heads of patriotic societies. The Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., or at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City, should be addressed for further particulars.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Again the Committee on Publicity, "Our Book, Women of the South in War Times," seeks to enlist the aid and cooperation of the U. D. C. in fulfilling our pledge. Why not finish this year? It is quite possible, if the backward Divisions will organize and determine to wipe out this debt.

The prize winners for the year ending November, 1924–November, 1925, were as follows:

Division Prize: Greatest number of copies distributed, North Carolina; Mrs. R. P. Holt, Director.

Chapter Prize: Bethel Heroes Chapter, Rocky Mount, N. C., with fifty-two copies; Mrs. R. P. Holt.

First Prize "Over the Top": Miss Marion Salley, Orangeburg, S. C., Director (with quota over 200).

Second Prize "Over the Top": Mrs. J. T. Beal, Little Rock, Ark., Director (with quota over 200).

Prizes to Chapters distributing over twenty copies (Divisions with quotas of 200); Bethel Heroes Chapter, Rocky Mount, N. C.; Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, Ark.; Carrollton Chapter, Carrollton, Mo.; A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Divisions that have gone "Over the Top," 1924–1925: South Carolina, Arkansas, Kentucky, North Carolina, Philadelphia Chapter, Washington, New Jersey.

North Carolina leads in publicity contributions.

West Virginia, Massachusetts, and Ohio went "Over the Top" again on a reassignment of half of their original quotas. Best wishes for the new year.

Yours for cooperation,

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

Fairmont, W. Va.

A BOOK OF STORIES.

An attractive little book presents a collection of stories by Elizabeth Moore Joyce under the title of "The Western Slope." These are "old folks stories," and bring out the pathos of life to the aged as well as the enjoyment they get from being observers of the struggles and problems of those who fill the places they once held. Mrs. Joyce needs no introduction to VETERAN readers, having contributed some of her choicest stories to its pages, one of which appeared in the September number—"Unknown"—and which doubtless was read by many whose hearts had been comforted by the thought that one dear to them may be resting under the marble tomb in beautiful Arlington.

These stories will be interesting to the young people too, and perhaps make them more thoughtful of those who are now looking down the "Western Slope." It is modest in price—only one dollar—and orders should be sent to the publishers, Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. See advertisement in this number.

HISTORY OF A MAINE REGIMENT.—Maj. John M. Gould, of Portland, Me., some years ago wrote a history of the regiment with which he served during the war, which was the 1–10–29th Maine, a volume of some 709 pages with numerous portraits. Having some copies of the work still on hand, he is offering them at \$3.00 for the cloth binding, which originally sold at \$5.00; or he will be glad to exchange for other books on the war from either side, especially regimental histories, personal memoirs, etc. Major Gould has a large collection of books on the war.

J. M. Barker, Jr., of Bristol, Tenn., renews subscription for himself, and writes: "Ever since I was married and moved to my own home I have taken the VETERAN for myself. My father, Col. J. M. Barker, has been a subscriber for years, and I, too, have been a subscriber for several years. I am the son of a Confederate veteran, my father having enlisted in the 12th Tennessee when he was under sixteen; he finished up with Captain Bushong's Independent Scouts. This company of cavalry was organized under authority of the Confederate War Department by Capt. Decatur Bushong and was made up mostly of men from Sullivan County. I belong to the Archibald Gracie Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Bristol, Va.–Tenn."

Matthew Page Andrews, Historian, says of the November VETERAN, "that excellent issue": "The article by Thomas J. Arnold gives me some extremely interesting sidelights on history. It is particularly valuable, and the articles by Mr. John Purifoy, of Montgomery, Ala., are always worth while. No doubt there are other articles in that number of exceptional value, but I have mentioned these because they were the first two I read. Even if the other issues were valueless, which they are not, this one would be worth the annual subscription."

Capt. Robert C. Crouch, of Morristown, Tenn., sends this cheering message: "I want to congratulate you on the December VETERAN. I never enjoyed any number more than this. It was all enjoyable, but the article on 'Old Charleston by the Sea' exceeded them all to me. It carries one back to the Old South, and what could be more pleasant? The VETERAN gets better every number."

Inquiry is made for a book on "Old Times in Dixieland," by Mrs. Caroline Thomas Merrick. Anyone who knows of this book will please communicate with the VETERAN, stating price wanted.

John Neighbours, 204 North Fourth Street, Monroe, La., would like to hear from comrades of Company A, Palmetto Battalion, Light Artillery, from Greenville, S. C., Capt. E. B. Earl commanding.

Mrs. F. A. Stallworth, Rosebud, Tex., would like to hear from some surviving comrade of her husband, William Thomas (Bill) Stallworth, who belonged to the 3rd Louisiana Battery of Light Artillery; Benton was his captain. He lived and enlisted at Bastrop, La.

J. E. Miller, 525 Oak Street, Louisville, Ky., is seeking information on the war records of James M. Glover and George Washington Bolling (or Bowling), who are said to have fought in a Tennessee regiment and to have been residents of Tennessee. He also wants data on one Capt. Marmaduke Johnson, attached to Longstreet's Brigade, who was said to have been complimented by General Lee on the field of battle for his bravery. This incident should be written up for the VETERAN if anyone knows of it.

WANTED. — Confederate and old United States stamps before 1875. Do not remove the stamps from envelopes. Collections purchased. GEORGE HAKES, 290 Broadway, N. Y.

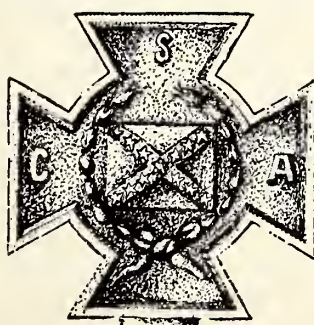
Mrs. Olin Fisk Wiley, 20 Hawthorne Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass., wishes to secure the address of James A. McDonald, of Company G, 2nd Kentucky Regiment, Orphan Brigade.

FOR SALE.—History of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association of the South, compiled by the C. S. M. A. Copies can be procured from Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La., at \$2.50, postpaid.

B. H. Mooneyham, of Sallisaw, Okla., is trying to get a pension, and needs the testimony of some friend or comrade as to his service for the Confederacy. He enlisted in the spring of 1864 in Calhoun County, Miss., as a member of Captain Isbell's company of Lowrey's Regiment, 32nd Mississippi, and says he was also under Forrest, in Company K, — Regiment. Anyone who can help to complete this record will kindly write to him or to J. B. A. Robertson, 513 Braniff Building, Oklahoma City, Okla.



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The Western Slope

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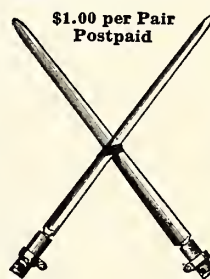
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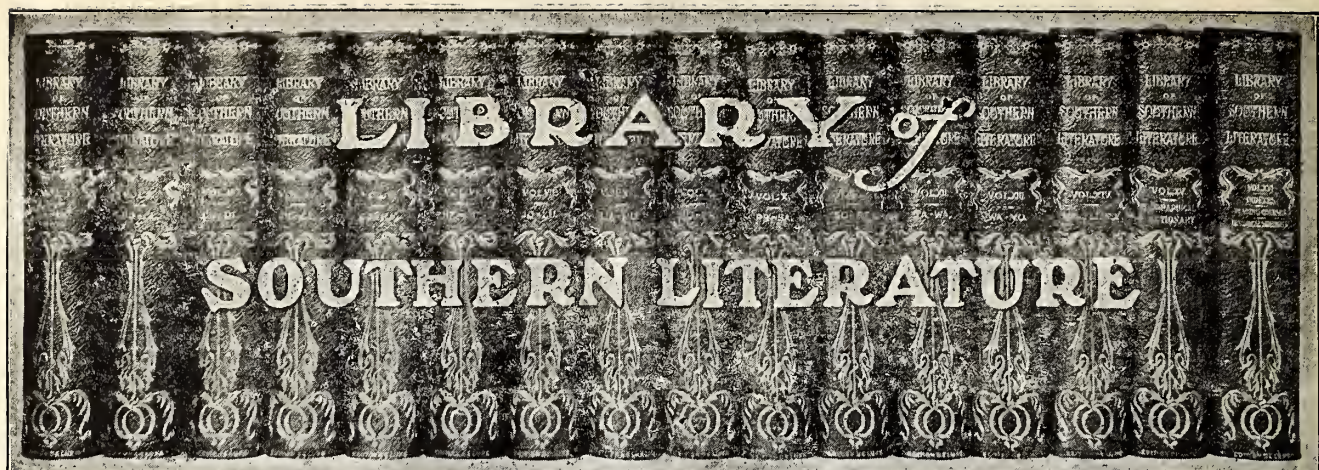
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